

# POEMS

UPON

Several Occasions.

---

By DANIEL BAKER, M. A.

Sometimes of *Gonvil* and *Caius* Coll.  
in CAMBRIDGE.

---

Virgil. Eclog. 9.

————— *Me quoque dicunt*  
*Vatem Pastores; sed non ego credulus illis.*

---

L O N D O N,

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General Occasions

By D. D. D. D. D.

Some of the

in the

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To the Honourable  
Sir *RALPH HARE*,  
O F  
STOW-HALL  
IN THE  
*County of Norfolk*,  
BARONET;

These Poems  
A R E

*Most Humbly Dedicated,*

BY HIS

Most Obliged and most  
Obedient Servant,

*DAN. BAKER.*

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*Wisdom*

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MIS.

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# MISCELLANIES

A N D

## Translations.

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*On Mr. Abraham Cowley's WORKS.*

I.

**T**HE *British* Land in former Time  
Was thought too phlegmatick a Clime,  
Too cold for Verse to thrive and grow  
On such a heavy Soil: But now,  
Nor *Greece* may boast, nor *Rome* that she  
Surpasses her in Poetry.

B

IL

## II.

*Homer and Virgil* lately were,  
 'Til *Cowley* rose, the famous Pair :  
 But him they gladly now admit,  
 To the *Triumvirate* of Wit,  
 And grant, that tho' the Younger, yet  
 His Praise, the Poet's Wealth's as great.

## III.

These mighty Three so well are joyn'd,  
 'Twould pose the wisest Judge to find  
 Which of them all does most excel  
 In Honour's strife. But more to tell  
 What happy Realm shall raise a Fourth  
 To equal Fame, by equal Worth.

---

*The Retreat.*

## I.

x  
**P**ardon me Friend, that I so soon  
 Forsake this great tumultuous Town.  
 And on the sudden hasten down;



II.

That I Preferment court no more,  
But all my Hopes and Cares give o'er  
While I'm Young, and while I'm Poor.

III.

My self no longer I'll deprive  
Of those kind Minutes Heav'n does give:  
No Man makes haste enough to live.

IV.

Let them stay longer who desire  
Above their Father's Wealth t'aspire,  
And raise their Names and Fortunes higher.

V.

That are content to cringe and bow,  
To flatter, bribe, and wait; for so  
Preferment must be bought, you know.

VI.

Give me free Nature's solid Goods  
Open Fields, and secret Woods,  
Healthful Hills, and crystal Floods.

## VII.

A small, but sprucely furnish'd House,  
 A Garden for Delight and Use,  
 A learned Friend, and gentle Muse.

## VIII.

Nights full of Sleep, Days void of Strife,  
 And to compleat this heav'nly Life,  
 An humble, cheerful, country Wife.

## IX.

Thus, oh! thus let me obscurely lie!  
 Thus let my wel-spent Hours slide by!  
 Thus let me live! thus let me die!

---

*Out of Horace.*

Carmin. Lib. 2. Od. 8. *Ulla si juris, &c.*

**I**F ever this thy frequent breach of Oath  
 Had punish'd been with one black Tooth,  
 If but one Nail, or Hair of thine had bin  
 Less smooth or curled for thy Sin,

I would believe the Gods above take Care  
To punish such as do forswear.  
But thou, as soon as black false Oaths thou'lt swore,  
Shin'lt out far brighter than before  
(Like the Sun breaking from a Cloud) and art  
The only Care of every Heart.  
It mends thy Beauty, thine own Mothers Grave  
To violate, and her Ghost deceive ;  
To make the Stars of Heav'n avouch thy lies,  
And e'en the immortal Deities.  
*Venus* her self laughs and her Nymphs at this  
A sport to cruel Love it is,  
Who make thy faithless Vows serve for a Stone  
To whet his bloody Darts upon.  
Nay, all the Youth, (poor ign'rant Tribe) for thee  
Grows up a new Captivity :  
Nor have we (tho' we threaten it oft) the Power,  
Old Fools ! to leave thy wicked Door.  
Thee for her Sons the careful Mother fears,  
And cov'rous old Men for their Heire ;

And poor young Women, lest thy pow'rful Charms  
Should draw their Husbands from their tender  
Arms.

---

*Out of Horace:*

Carm. Lib. 3. Od. 11. *Mercuri, nam te, &c.*

I.

**F**Air *Maia's* Son (for by thy learned Art  
*Amphion* e'en hard Stones did move)  
Appease the stubborn Anger of my Love,  
And move her harder Heart.

II.

And thou, my Musick which in former Years  
Wast a poor dumb neglected thing;  
But now in Churches, and at Feasts dost Sing,  
Charm, charm her sullen Ears.

II.

Who, like a Fillie in the flow'ry Mead,  
Runs up and down, and won't be caught,

Unripe for Marri'ge yet, she wont be brought  
Unto the genial Bed.

IV.

Swift Tygers thou, and Woods canst draw along,  
And rowling Rivers canst recall :  
The Surly Porter of the infernal Hall  
Submitted to thy Song ;

V.

Ev'n *Cerberus*, tho about his monstrous Head  
An Hundred Hellish Serpents crawl  
And from his Triple Mouth black Foams does fall,  
And poisonous Breath is shed.

VI.

Thou mad'st *Ixion* 'gainst his Will to smile,  
And *Tityus* laugh amidst his Pains,  
While *Danau's* Daughters listen'd to thy Strains,  
Their Tubs stood drie a while.

## VII.

O tell my Love what cruel Pains attend,  
Hard-hearted Maids in Hell :  
Bid her by what these wicked Maids beset,  
Take warning and amend.

## VIII.

O wicked Maids ! what more can hellish spight  
Than Women do ? with bloody Knives  
They rip'd their Bridegrooms Breasts, and spilt  
their Lives  
Upon the Wedding Night.

## IX.

But one of Fifty with a virtuous Life  
Her perjur'd Father durst deceive:  
Worthy to be a Bride ! her Fame shall live  
'Till Time it self shall die.

## X.

Arise, she said, my gentle Love, arise,  
And go, lest everlasting Night



Surprize thee here: avoid my Fathers fight,  
And wicked Sisters Eyes.

XI.

Who now as hungry Lionesses, now  
Like tender Lambs their Husbands tear:  
But I, more merciful than they, will spare,  
Thy Life, and let thee go.

XII.

Me let my Father load with cruel Bands  
Because I spar'd my gentle Spouse.  
Me let him banish ever from his House  
Into the furthest Lands.

XIII.

Go, where thy Feet or Wind shall carry thee,  
While *Venus* Favours and the Night:  
Live happy thou, and on my Tomb-stone write  
That thou wast sav'd by me:

*Out of MOSCHUS one of the  
Minor Poets.*

*\*Ερως Δραπεύς, or Cupid run away.*

**C**upid was lost, and all about  
His Mother ran to seek him out.  
Through Town and Field, through Earth and  
Skies,  
Through young Men's Hearts, and Maidens Eyes,  
O'er Sea and Land, drawn with a Pair  
Of Milk-white Doves she cut the Air,  
But after many a Mile she'd past  
Her little Steeds grew tir'd at last :  
Then seeing she could no where spie him  
She stood, and thus began to crie him.

O Yes! Whoever can descrie  
The Place where Love conceal'd does lie,

Let

Let him repair to me and take  
A soft Kiss for his Tidings sake :  
But he that brings him home shall meet  
A Kiss, and something else more sweet.  
Yet first, lest haply he deceive you,  
Take these Marks which I will give you,  
Marks which easily will shew him,  
'Mongst a Thousand you may know him,

His Skin, like Blushes which adorn  
The Bosom of the rising Morn,  
All over Ruddle is, and from  
His flaming Eyes quick glances come.  
His Meaning's Roguish, but his Tongue  
He handles well, 'tis sweetly hung.  
His Words you never once shall find  
The genu'ine Picture of his Mind.  
His Voice like Honey drops, but when  
He's angry, O be warie ; then

He's false and fell, and Pleasure takes  
In the Miseries he makes.

Fair Curls his golden Temples grace;  
A wanton Air sets off his Face.

His Hands are very small: but, oh!  
The Distance they his Arrows throw!  
Ev'n Hell itself, and its stern Lord  
Have felt their Force, and loudly roar'd,  
His Body's naked, as if he  
Delighted in simplicity:

But, oh! his Soul, that cloathed is  
With manifold Hypocrisies.

Heneither Age, nor Sex will spare,  
But shoots his Arrows ev'ry where.

And like a wanton Bird, he flies,  
And hovers o'er you, till he spies

A way to dart into your Breast,  
And in your Liver build his Nest.

Upon his Shoulder you may spie  
A golden Quiver; in it lie

His winged Shafts, which often make  
High Heav'n and mighty *Jove* to quake.  
Nor God, nor Mortal can withstand  
The Force of his resistless Hand.  
As Death, impartial, none are free  
From his wide-wasting Tyranny.  
Kings and Swains do all adore him :  
Queens and Milk-maids fall before him :  
He pities neither one nor other ;  
. No, not me, his one dear Mother.  
His little Torch to Heav'n will flie  
And make old *Phæbus* burn and frie  
In Flames more hot by far than those  
He on the scorched *Æthiop* throws.

Such is my Son. Whoe'er shall find him  
Let him catch him, let him bind him,  
And render to my hands the Prize,  
And if from his dissembling Eyes

The Tears do trickle, do not spare him ;

Tho he flatter do not hear him

Whether he sigh, or smile, or pray,

Bring him ne'ertheless away.

If a Kiss he offer to you,

O, beware ; it will undo you.

His Lips are Poyson, and his Breath

Scatter Plagues far worse than Death.

But if he, to let him go,

Offer you his Shafts and Bow ,

O! touch them not : the Gifts of Love

Will like Fire, destructive prove.



*Out of* B I O N.

Love's Tutor.

x **A**S underdeath an Oak one Day  
Free from unpeaceful Thoughts I lay  
A gentle Slumber o'er my head  
His downy Wing had softly spread :  
When lo ! before me seem'd to stand  
Bright Beauty's Queen, and in her hand  
Her little winged Son she had ;  
A peevish, proud, unhappy Lad  
He is, tho' then h'appeared mild,  
And humble as a sucking Child.

Dear Shepherd, I commend to thee  
My Son : pray take him home (said she)  
And teach him Poetry, for well  
I know, thou dost therein excel:

Nor

Nor shalt thou unrewarded go,  
If *Venus* can rewards bestow.

This said, away she went, and I  
(Proud of the Office) by and by  
Took my young Scholar, and began  
To teach the wanton Wag to scan  
A Verse upon his Fingers: but,  
The D--- a dram would Cupid do't:  
No; He began to sing to me  
Songs of Love and Jolity,  
Songs of God's and Mortal's Pleasures,  
And t'unfold his Mother's Treasures.

Soon, alas! soon I forgot  
All that the Youth I meant t' have taught:  
But his wicked Ballads out  
Of my Mind I ne'er could put,  
Nor ever since my lips could move  
To sing of any thing but Love.

---

*The W I F E.*

**L** Et me but have a Wife what e'er she be  
So she be Woman, 'tis enough for me:  
I ask not one in whom all Graces shine,  
Her Sex alone endears her to be mine.

If she be young, she is not stubborn grown,  
And I may form her Manners to my own:  
If old, a Wife and Mother both I have,  
And either may a Kiss or Blessing crave.  
If she be fair, she's lovely as the Light:  
If ugly, why? what's matter in the Night?  
If she be barren, I am free from Care:  
If Fruitful, Children costly Blessings are.  
If Poor, she'll Humble, and Obedient be:  
If Rich, O! who'd fear golden Slavery?  
If Scold she be, she'll teach me Patience:  
If Sluttish, I may Temp'rance learn from thence.

If full of Tongue, I shan't want Company :  
 If mute I'll love her for the Rarity.  
 I'm Lord and Master, if she be a Fool :  
 If wise, I shall be so to let her rule.

Unjust are they who 'gainst the Sex declaim,  
 When 'tis not they, but we deserve the blame.  
 They all are good enough, had we but Skill  
 The Good in them to take, and leave the Ill.  
 That Wives and Husbands Humours seldom meet,  
 'Tis not 'cause they want Goodness, but these, Wit.

---

### *Happiness.*

I.

**W**ould you, my Friend, true Happiness  
 obtain  
 I'll tell you how that Treasure you may gain,  
 Not Wealth, nor Wit, nor Wine, nor Women can  
 Bring solid Comfort to the Mind of Man:

But

But Wisdom, Virtue, Truth and Innocence,  
With their Rewards, the Store-house are, from  
whence  
This rare and precious Gift the Almighty doth  
dispende.

II.

True Mirth and Peace to visit will not deign  
The gilded Roofs, where wicked Tyrants reign:  
But love t' inhabit in the meanest Cell,  
Where innocent and humble Souls do dwell.  
*Saul's* restless Heart with jealous rage did fret,  
While *David* fed his flock secure, and set  
Such Hymns to's sacred Harp, as Angels still repeat

III

Not Beds of Down sound sleep to him can bring  
Whom anxious Thoughts, or sinful Terrours sting.  
Seek not, if quiet slumbers you would find,  
To have your Limbs lie easie, but your mind:  
Whose Head is free from Care, from Guilt whose  
That Man upon a Stone may softly rest. (Breath  
So *Jacob* sleeping was with Heav'nly Visions blest.



*Laus* POETARUM, *æ in primis*  
VIRGILII.

**I**Te procul, Medici, Vanissima turba ; recedant  
Pharmaca, docta magis Nummo purgare Cru-  
menam

Quam Languore Animum : Qui fallitur arte Galeni  
Dignus morte perit. Vos, ô medicina salubris,  
Libri cum Masis properate, meosq; tumultus  
Dulcibus alloquiis mulcete, & pellite curas.

Tuq; Maro, Vatum pulcherrime, tuq; Britannæ  
Non impar venias, Coulæi, gloria Gentis.  
Post illos, avidas numerosus Horatius aures,  
Necnon marmoreis meditans Lucanus in hortis,  
Detineat, versuq; placens Juvenalis acerbo.  
Accedat lætam fecit qui Statius Urbem,  
Feliciq; fluens non felix Carmine Naso.



Illustres Animæ ! vobis mea vulnera credo :  
Vos animi morbos, curisq; ingentibus ægros  
Doctiùs & meliùs sanare Machaone nôstis.

Quis, divine Maro, tua Carmina docta legendo  
(Carmina quæ dignè Divûm referantur ad aures)  
Vel meminisse potest, vel non contemnere curas ?  
Phænissæ quoties Furias Phrygiive Labores  
Volvo Ducis, animo Dolor exulat omnis, & æquè  
Cum Sociis Regum felix, ac Regibus, ævum  
Exigo. Delicias tales æquare nec ulla  
Vina queunt, Juvenum nec splendida Cura, Puellæ ;  
Solaque Cœlicolûm magis est optanda Voluptas.

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Love-Verses.

---

VIRGIL. Eclog. 10.

— *Tanquam hæc sit nostri medicina Furoris  
Aut Deus ille malis hominum mitescere discat.*

---

# Love Notes

Yours truly,

The Editor of the  
The Times and the  
The Times and the

---

# Love-Verses.

---

## *The FIRE.*

### I.

**A** Little house I had (a Heart I mean)  
Well furnish'd by my Mother's early  
Care

With holy Principles, chaste Thoughts and clean,  
Good Purposes, modest Desires, and fair :

In all the House no room to spare;

In all the precious Goods no Spot was to be seen.

### II.

But, ah! nor House, nor Goods can be secure

From Fire, one day before her Eyes I came;

My

My tender Heart not able to endure

The subtil Lightning, catch'd a sudden Flame,  
Which burnt down all the little Frame :  
Hardly escap'd, with hurt, the goodly Furniture.

### III.

Forthwith I ran, and call'd in all the aid

I could, to quench the Fire : but all in vain  
Then I apply'd my self to her, and pray'd  
For Pity to those Eyes that gave the Pain :

She entertain'd me with Disdain, (made.  
And (*Nero* like) laugh'd at the Flames her self had

### IV.

The Law (they say) will force her to make good

The Damages, whereof she was the cause :  
Sometimes I threaten in an angry Mood

To trie ; but sober Counsels bid me pause :

For Beauty is above the Laws ;  
'Twill blind the Judges Eyes, and fire their aged  
Blood.

### V.



## V.

Oh ! what a wretch was I to come so near ?

Alas ! I thought it but a Lambent Flame,  
Such as once play'd about *Ascanius* Hair,  
And gently lick'd his Head, and did proclaim  
His future Majesty and Fame ;  
Or like the fanci'd Orb of Fire above the Air.

## VI.

Well, in the Ashes yet, I've Wisdom found  
And this Mishap shall teach me watchful Care :  
The Man that can prevent a Second Wound  
Is wise. But ah ! what boors it to beware ?  
A Second Fire what need he fear  
Whose House was by the First burnt down quite  
to the ground ?

## III.

*The*

---

*The Fugitive.*

## I.

**H**aving received home my Heart at last  
I'll keep thee now, said I,

Thou never more from me shalt flie :

With that, strong gates before my Breast I plac'd  
And with firm Resolutions barr'd them fast.

## II.

Thus fenc'd and fortifi'd secure I lay :

But, oh ! the mighty *Samson* Love

(Against whose Power in vain I strove)

Carri'd the Gates, and Posts, and Bars away,

And made room for my enlarged Heart to stray.

## III.

Away it flew, swift as some heav'nly Mind :

Come back, thou Fool, return again,

Return, I cry'd, but all in vain.  
My fruitless Words were carri'd with the Wind,  
It flew away, and never look'd behind.

IV.

Well, go thy way, since I but vainly try  
To keep thee, go, and if thou find  
Her Heart inclining to be kind,  
Return, and tell me: But if still she flie,  
Follow 'er, and either overtake, or die.

V.

For if thou come without her, I no more  
Rebellious Heart, will pardon thee,  
For thus unkindly leaving me:  
I'll vex thee, and torment thee ev'ry hour,  
And plague thee worse than she has done before.

*The Penitent Rebel.*

## I.

**B**Y the fond Counsel of my Friends misled  
 I banish'd Love out of my Breast ;  
 Now surely I shall be at rest  
 (Said I) now Love the covetous Tyrant's fled,  
 Who all my Thoughts and precious Minutes chal-  
 lenged.

## II.

But ah ! no sooner was his Majesty,  
 Which kept the inferiour Passions tame,  
 Withdrawn, but in they rudely came,  
 Pride, Avarice, Envy, Rage and Cruelty,  
 With undetermin'd Lust that flies at ev'ry she.

## III.

And now these Monsters in my Face do fly,  
 They tear my very Soul and part  
 Amongst them my divided Heart :

Thus

Thus have I chang'd Love's gentle Monarchy  
Into a Common-wealth of lawless Tyranny.

IV.

So *England* in an un auspicious hour  
'Gainst her indulgent Prince arose,  
His Golden Sceptre to oppose:  
She murder'd him, but fell into the Pow'r  
Of *Cromwell*, and an Host of armed Villains more.

V.

What Fools were they to think they'd kil'd the King  
Who never dies? His Royal Son  
Return'd with Honour to his Throne:  
Now free from Wars and Fears we sit and sing  
Under the peaceful Shadow of mild *Charles's* Wing.

VI.

Return thou too, dread Sov'raign Love, and save  
My poor distracted Heart which lies  
A Prey to cruel Enemies;

My

My Heart, which mut'nous Follies rendred have  
To a long Parliament of sordid Lusts a Slave.

## VII.

Taught by the sad Experience of these wrongs,  
Thy Laws for ever I'll obey,  
And all thy Tributes duly pay:  
I'll give whatever to thy Crown belongs,  
Gales of fresh Sighs, Floods of salt Tears, and  
mournful Songs.

---

*The White Devil.*

**F**OR Wit and Beauty she may vie  
With any mortal Brain, or Face:  
But, ah! where's noble Virtue? where shall I  
Thy venerable Footsteps trace?  
Come, Queen of Graces, to thy beauteous Throne,  
And let not Sin usurp what ought to be thine  
own.



Without this, t'other must not heal  
 Thy wound; then cease, and love no more;  
 Who courts a Woman that is fair, but ill,  
 A painted Devil doth adore.  
 When Satan like an Angel doth appear  
 Weak Mortals to delude, then he resembles her.

III.

Hellish her Soul, her Face Divine;  
 This charms, the other doth affright:  
 Light shines without, but Darknes dwells within,  
 She's like a Black-moor clad in White.  
 My Mind can never rest, unless she were  
 Made by some skilful Hand more Vertuous or less  
 Fair.

D

The

---

*The Parting.*

## I.

**A**S virtuous Souls when they depart away,  
And leave their loved Bodies here alone  
In Rest abide, until the joyful day  
Appointed for their Resurrection :

## II.

So now we 're parting, let us make no noise,  
Nor beat the empty Air with fruitless cries,  
Let us not make our cruel Foes rejoyce (Eye  
T' have griev'd our Heart, as well as vex'd our

## III.

Those Earth-born Souls, whose chiefest Good  
Sense,  
Whose Joys are dirty, and their Love obscene  
Lament and howl when they are hurri'd hence,  
Because those Pleasures ne'er return again.

IV.

But we whose Love so spotless is and fine,  
 Like that which Angels to each other bear,  
 Shall much disgrace our Souls, if we repine,  
 And murmur when our Bodies absent are.

V.

Speak, O ye Nymphs, that in cool Streams delight  
 For on your flowry Banks we us'd to lie,  
 When did we e'er offend you with a sight  
 That made you blush, or turn away your Eye?

VI.

Speak, O ye shady Woods, for ev'ry Night  
 Before you all our Thoughts we us'd to spread,  
 When did you ever hear a Word so light  
 As made you frown, or shake your rev'rend Head?

VII.

*Daphne* the coy, who thought no Love between  
 A diff'rent Sex could ever vertuous be,

D 2

( Then

Then whisper'd thus to me, Had *Phæbus* been  
As chaste as thou, I ne'er had been a Tree.

## VIII.

Be this thy Comfort, Dear, tho' I be gone  
Do not thy self a fruitless Sorrow give;  
Nor like those wretched desp'rate Creatures moan,  
Whose former Sins all future Hopes bereave:

## IX.

In th' Ev'ning, tho' the Sun withdraw his Light,  
Yet still his active Heat and Influence stay,  
The od'rous Herbs and tender Plants all Night  
Shoot up and grow as well as in the day:

## X.

So e'en upon thy absent Love I'll feast,  
Thy vital Memory shall nourish me,  
Until I see thy Beams arise in th' East  
Glorious and joyful: This, my Dear, shall be;

XI.

It shall. And none my saying can disprove,  
 The great Orac'lous Truth none can deny:  
 For Heav'n is just, and cannot let a Love  
 So pure, so like it self uncrowned die.

---

*The Ghost.*

I.

**L**O! to thee in this silent Sheet  
 Appears the Ghost of thy departed Lover:  
 Dear, do not any fear discover,  
 The harmless Sp'rit thou may'st with safety meet.  
 It only loves to walk and wander nigh  
 The happy Place, where its dear Treasures hid-  
 den lie.

II.

Let that false glozing Hypocrite,  
 That basely did our secret Love disclose

And all our Happiness oppose,  
 Grow pale, and tremble, when she sees the Spright:  
 But I'll not visit her ; the guilty Hagg  
 Is haunted by her self, and needs no other Plague.

## III.

How welcome did the Day arise  
 When I with thee, my Dear, might freely walk,  
 And unsuspected talk ;  
 Then when we fear'd no watchful Ears nor Eyes,  
 When careless and secure we reap'd the Bliss  
 Of chaste Embraces, and Ten Thousand harmless  
 Kisses !

## IV.

She, sure, Love's Force has never known  
 That could so cruelly divide us Two,  
 O may she burn to purpose now,  
 'Till she's so black, and drie, and blister'd grown,  
 That none may venture when she's scorched thus,  
 To quench her flaming Lust, but some foul  
*Incubus* !



## V.

Well, since our mortal Life is gone,  
 And Separation is become our state,  
 Let us with Hope and Patience wait  
 Till we be rais'd anew, and joyn'd in one:  
 Then will our Bliss my dear, more full arise,  
 And then we'll feast upon more ripe and perfect  
 Joys.

---

*The Appeal.*

U

I.

Pon a flow'ry Bed  
 Beneath a Willow's pleasant shade,  
 Beside a crystal Flood his Love-sick Head  
 The melancholy *Baker* laid:  
 Three Times he sigh'd with such a violent Force,  
 As mov'd the very Willows with remorse;

The Nymphs together flock'd to hear his Moans,  
And Eccho from the neighb'ring Hills answer'd  
his Groans.

## II.

Tell me, ye Nymphs, (said he)  
So may you once so happy be  
A Nymph much brighter than your selves to see,  
Sittalking here with me,  
If e'er this rev'rend Stream from you should slide,  
Or underneath the Ground his Current hide,  
Would you not solitary sit on Shore,  
And sadly wail the Pleasures ye enjoy'd before?

## III.

Tell me, thou pleasant Shade,  
So may your Greenness never fade,  
But be for her fair Head an Arbour made,  
Beneath you in my Bosom laid,  
When e'er from you the Sun doth backward haste,  
And on your Heads his Beams but faintly cast,

Do ye not quickly lose your thick, green Hair,  
And stand expos'd to Winds, all wither'd and all  
bare ?

IV.

Tell me, thou crystal Wave,  
So may thy Stream her Body lave,  
And from her Limbs a richer Tincture have,  
Than e'er the golden River gave,  
If e'er thy fruitful Fountain should decay,  
Or in bad humour turn another way,  
Would not thy Channel grow all chapt and drie,  
And all thy nimble, scaly People gasp and die ?

V.

Tell me, ye Flowers gay,  
So may your Sweetness with you stay,  
'Till her fair Hand shall pluck you hence away,  
And in her sweeter Bosom lay,  
If e'er the sullen Heav'ns should refuse  
To shed on you their soft refreshing Dews,

Would

Would not your Scent and Colour soon decay,  
And you that are so fresh and young, grow old  
and gray ?

## VI.

Tell me thou hollow Sound,  
So may each Plain and Hill around  
With Repetitions of her Name resound,  
'Till all Voices else be drown'd,  
Should no sad Lover to these Banks resort,  
And with his tuneful Musick make thee Sport,  
Would'st thou not melancholy sit alone,  
And with dumb Wailings thy sad Solitude bemoan?

## VII.

Then marvel not that I  
Decline all tedious Company,  
And to these solitary Places flie,  
And sit and sigh, and weep, and die;  
Since I have lost what was to me more dear  
Than to you, All that I have mention'd here,

My

My Spring, my Shade, my Musick, and my Sun,  
The Pleasure of my Heart, and my Life's Soul is  
gone.

---

*The Masque.*

I.

**I** Ngrateful and malicious Maid,  
A Veil of Darkness thou hast thrown  
Over that Beauty which display'd  
Thy Maker's Glory not thine own.

II.

What spleenful Avarice is this,  
To hoard that Treasure, which before  
Fill'd all the World with Light and Bliss,  
Yet wasted not the boundless Store ?

III.

Dear Niggard, imitate the Sun,  
(The Sun, thy fit similitude)

He

He shines not to himself alone,  
But for the publick Joy and Good,

## IV.

Remove the Cloud, that from thine Eyes  
Mankind may Light and Comfort take :  
Or if our Service thou despise,  
Yet do it for thine own Name's sake.

## V.

Thy Face will lose its Sov'raign Praise  
By this obscure Retreat of thine :  
Behold ! Since thou hast hid thy Rays,  
How proudly meaner Beauties shine !

## VI.

Arise my Love, and make them know  
They owe their Lustre to thy Night,  
The Stars grow dull, and make no show,  
When once the Sun appears in fight.



## VII.

Since that which made the Day so clear  
The Sun-shine of thine Eyes is fled,  
Let Night (Love's wished Hour) my Dear,  
Softly conduct us both to Bed.

---

*The Rose.*

## I.

**S**ee'st thou this Flow'r my Dear, how fair it  
shows  
Op'ning its balmy Bosom, to receive  
The lusty Morning-beams? A brisker Rose  
No Place, except thy youthful Cheek can give.

## II.

The Sun, who in *Aurora's* purple Arms  
This Morning lay, yet early left his Bed  
Drawn by this Rose's more inviting Charms,  
T' unlock the Treasures of a sweeter Red.

## III.

## III.

See how it smiles; and yet e'er Day pass by  
(This very Day which gave it first a Birth)  
'Twill hang it's fainting Head, grow pale and die,  
And shed its falling Honours on the Earth:

## V.

And this thy Beauty's Emblem is, which now  
In Youth's fair Morning looks so fresh and gay;  
But, ah! too short a Time the Fates allow;  
Too soon comes Ev'ning and it fades away.

## V.

Since then your Reign such narrow limits bind,  
Take Counsel of thy Fellow-flow'r, my Dear,  
Which when it falleth, leaves a Seed behind,  
Of all its Glories the undoubted Heir:  
And by this Art, tho' in itself it die,  
Lives ever in its hopeful Race and fair Posterity.

*A Rainy Morning.*

I.

**M**Y Friend, perswade me not to stay,  
When Love and Beauty calls away :  
Let him be wretched, whom the Rain  
Can from his Happiness detain.

II.

Give me the gallant Youth whose Breast  
Was by the *Sestian* Maid possess'd !  
He scorn'd the Sea's Rage, and shall I  
Regard the Droppings of the Skie ?

III.

Let all the wat'ry Pow'rs combine,  
And in a League offensive joyn,  
Yet their confed'rate Force shall prove  
The easie Conquest of my Love.

## IV.

Let Heav'n its secret Stores unlock,  
 Let Earth produce her hoarded Stock,  
 Let ev'ry Lake and River creep,  
 To joy'n the Oceans foamy Deep.

## V

My Love, like that Celestial Flame  
 Which on the Prophet's Off'ring came,  
 Upon these Troops will boldly fall,  
 And make but one Carouse (her Health) of all.

---

*The Storm.*

## I.

**T**IS just, my Dear, that our Amour  
 Should by this sudden Storm be crost :  
 Our Bark too soon would gain the Shore,  
 Were she not back to Sea-ward tost.

A Prize so rich, it were unfit to get;  
Without exceeding Peril, Pains and Sweat.

II.

The Joys, which else too strong might prove  
For us to bear, are temper'd well  
With Sorrow thus, by gentle Love,  
To make them more supportable;  
So *Bacchus's* Rage with Water is allay'd,  
And *Sol's* hot Beams are chasten'd with a Shade.

III.

No Tempest useth to adorn  
The Nuptials of the vulgar sort;  
Those Fortune passeth by in Scorn,  
They lie beneath her haughty Sport:  
But high Desires she loves to vex, that so  
Delays and Fears may make them Dearer grow.

IV.

He were unwise that would not go  
To Heav'n through hardest Sufferings:

And certainly, my fair One (tho'

The odds be great) of earthly things  
None more resemble the Delights above  
Than the chaste Pleasures of a mutual Love.

## V.

Let not this Change then trouble thee,  
As if some ill it did portend ;  
The Way, tho' rough and sharp it be,  
Will lead us safely in the end  
Into each others Arms, where linked fast,  
How light will seem to us all Labours past.

---

*Wisdom.*

## I.

× **B**E Wise d' ye say, I scorn that Word :  
Love's Politicks no such Rule afford,  
For Love and Wisdom never yet,  
Believe me, in one Subject met,



It cannot be, not mighty *Jove*  
Can be at once, Wife, and in Love.

II.

The boldest Painter never dar'd  
Draw Love with either Eyes or Beard,  
For these are Wisdom's Signs ; but he  
Delights in plain Simplicity.  
Blindness and Childhood best express  
His open-hearted Heedlessness.

III.

Let them be wise that rule the State,  
And calculate the Kingdom's Fate,  
Grave Counsellors, and Judges sage,  
Philosophers and Men of Age;  
The Serpent's Wisdom let them use,  
We the Dove's Innocence will chuse.

IV.

Wisdom to them perhaps may be  
Of Use : but not to thee and me.

Twill vex our Minds and fill us full  
Of Doubts, and make our Pleasures dull.

Away with't: in the Mysteries  
Of Love, 'tis Folly to be wise.

## V.

Ah! Dear, Thou dost not see the end  
To which such evil Counsels tend.  
Consider what it is you speak;  
If this Advice Men once should take,  
Your Empire's Ruine it would prove.  
No wise Man ever was in Love.

## VI.

If I were Wise, I soon should find  
Th' Impertinence of Woman-kind:  
Neither your Favour, nor your Frown  
Would lift me up, or cast me down.  
The Influence of your starry Eyes  
Is over-rul'd by him that's wise.

VII.

The deepest Mystery of State  
That makes the Pope, and Women great,  
Is Ignorance: If men were Wise,  
Both Pope, and Women they'd despise,  
And Protestants we all should prove  
'Gainst his Religion, and your Love.

---

*Reason.*

**R**eason, which long had absent been before,  
Vouchsaf'd one Day to come within my  
door.

Affrighted at th' unusual Sight, I try'd:

To slip away, and trembling sneak'd aside:

But he laid hold upon my Gown and made

Me stay, and hear, whilst thus he gravely said,

Art thou a Man, who thus thy self dost cheat,

VII And let blind Passion usurp Reason's Seat,

And giv'st thy Soul up to be rul'd by that  
Which neither knows how to command, nor what ?  
Are Fetters grown so lovely, canst thou brook  
On thy free Neck to wear Love's Iron Yoak ?  
What is this Rebel, Love, that dares controul  
My Right, and claim Supremacy in th' Soul ?  
Love, that enfeebles ev'ry noble Mind,  
And Subjects Man to peevish Woman kind ?

In vain, alas! thy barren Soul I've till'd,  
Scattering the Seeds of Virtue through the Field.  
Wild Oats are all the Crop that Ground will yield  
Where Love takes root, in vain we plough and sow;  
'Tis such a Weed, no Corn near it will grow.  
Ah perjur'd Wretch, thus to abandon me,  
Whose Servant thou long since didst vow to be ;  
But now my Place the Muses must supply :  
Those paltry Girls are more admir'd than I.

What hast thou got by following this fond trade?  
Art thou the Richer, or the wiser made ?

Behold! how all thy Fellows do ascend,  
And to the Pulpit climb, their Journey's end;  
While thou dost preach t' a Woman, and provide,  
Homilies against Avarice and Pride.

But all in vain: she stops her iullen ears;  
Thy Sermons she regards, just as the People, theirs.

Thy Country and thy Friends require a share  
In that small stock of Learning, which their Care  
And Providence gave thee: But ingrateful thou  
Dost on a Woman all thy Thoughts bestow,  
And fondly slighting all their just desires,  
Thou melt'st thy self away in Female Fires.

Rise, *Baker*, rise: take thy neglected Arms,  
Resist Self love, and wanton Pleasures Charms.  
Turn o'er the learned Volumes of the wise;  
Their great Examples set before thine Eyes  
Whom noble Virtue, and improved Wit  
Have in the Temple of bright Honour set.  
Success attends the bold. Dare to despise  
This Tyrant, Love: for when despis'd, he flies.



Thus Reason said, and would have said much  
more,

When suddenly we heard one ope the Door,  
And, lo! she enter'd:

The mighty She, and like a Goddess bright;  
Her Eyes sent forth a more than human Light.  
She charming was, her Dress I durst have sworn  
*Venus* herself had been her Maid that Morn.

A Crown of palest Gold her Head did wear  
If Gold may be compared with her Hair.

And like as Lilies in a Glass with more  
Advantage shew their Whiteness, than before;  
So with more Art a fine transparent Shade  
Her snowy Neck and panting Breasts display'd.

At her victorious Presence, Reason fell  
Like *Dagon* down before the Ark of *Israel*;  
And all his feeble Troops of Arg'ments fled:  
I rose, and reverently bow'd my Head,  
And Pardon begg'd for what had past before,  
And by her heav'nly Eyes devoutly swore.



Bright Maid, than Life it self more dear to me,  
 Confin'd to some dark Dungeon let me be,  
 Banish'd for ever from thy soft Embrace,  
 And from the Vision of that beaut'ous Face,  
 If Reason's babling Tongue again I hear,  
 Or yield to any Voice, but thine, mine Ear.

Things human, Reason, to thy Lot do fall;  
 Reign, if thou wilt, for ever in that Hall:  
 But soar no high'r, lest Love's diviner Light  
 Confound thy mortal Eyes, and blind thee quite,

---

R A T I O.

**A**ccessit nuper, quæ multos absuit annos  
 Et nostros Ratio est dignata subire Penates  
 Obstupui visu insolito, Limenque petivi :  
 Illa, togam prendens, properantes sistere gressus  
 Hasque aversantem voces audire coegit.

Tune

Tunc viri dignus titulo, qui stultus & amens  
 Conaris proprio Rationem expellere Regno,  
 Inq; meo Solio furibundum ponis Amorem ?  
 Tantus amorne? Jugi est, & tanta Cupido Catenæ ?  
 Egregium verò Facinus, Ratione fugatâ,  
 Indignis quæ sola Animum tutare Periclis  
 Possit & Affectus compescere sola rebelles  
 Imperium Cordis Puero committere cæco,  
 Cui jocus est Mentem furari, Animosq; viriles  
 Frangere, Fæmineâq; caput circumdare vittâ!

Quorsum ego Præceptis colui tibi Pectus honestis  
 Semina Doctrinæ injicens, morumq; bonorum ?  
 Spem messis tenues ( ah ! ) ludificantur avenæ.  
 Herba Amor, infelix totum corrumpit agellum,  
 Nec medicinalis finit illic crescere Plantas.  
 Ah Piger ! in mea me juratus verba relinquis,  
 Musarumq; levis sterili nugaris arenâ.

Quid tibi profuerit studia hæc tam vana sequuto?  
 Ecce! tui Socii, dudum læta arva tenentes,  
 Acquirunt finem studiorum, & Pulpita scandunt,

Inde docent Populos, & præmia magna reportant :  
 Tu vero infelix (monitorum oblito meorum)  
 Verba facis, moveant quæ ferrea corda Puellæ,  
 Atq; in Avaritiam & Fastum, muliebria clamas  
 Crimina nequicquam. Illa nihil tua Dogmata curat;  
 Et tuus, & Sermo Sociorum spargitur Austro.  
 Te Patria exoptat, te dilectissima Mater,  
 Te vicini omnes orant, chariq; propinqui,  
 Ut votis tandem velles, precibusq; favere,  
 Proq; piâ Curâ meritas persolvere grates :  
 At tu (nonne pudet ? ) Cunctos postponis Amicæ.  
 Inq; puellares penitus dissolveris ignes.

Surge, Puer, nimiumq; diu posita Arma resume,  
 Excute turpe Jugum, blandosq; repelle Furores.  
 Volve Libros, pone ante oculos Exempla Virorum,  
 Quos Labor assiduus, nox & vigilantibus hausta  
 Luminibus, tandem ad meritos evexit honores.  
 Audentes sua dextra juvat. Contemnere Amorem  
 Aude : Cedit enim, siquis contempserit ipsum.

Sic Ratio dixit. & dicere plura parabat,  
 Cùm subito patuere fores, & se intulit illa  
 Illa potens formâ, veræq; simillima Divæ.  
 Olli fidereos oculis afflârat Honores  
 Ipsa Venus, multoq; caput redimiverat Auro,  
 Auro si fas est Dominæ componere Crines.  
 Candidaque ut puro spectantur Lilia vitro,  
 Pulchra relucebat sic per Bombycina Cervix,  
 Inq; sinu dulci nivæ micuere Mamillæ.

Hujus ad aspectum Ratio tremefacta potentem  
 Concidit, ut quondam Piscis (res mira) Philistheus  
 Ante Dei pronus venerandam concidit Arcam ;  
 Argumenta fugamq; (imbellis turba) capeffunt.  
 Assurgo Dominamq; caput demissus adoro,  
 Et supplex veniam tantæ concedere culpæ  
 Obsecro, perq; suos oculos, mea numina, juro.

Virgo, Luce magis misero dilecta Bakero,  
 Corporis ipse tui Complexu avulsus, & almo  
 Arcear aspectu, squalenti Carcere clausus,  
 Blanda meas iterum Ratio si mulceat aures,

Indu-

Inducarve alium, Te præter, ferre monentem.

Rebus in humanis, Ratio, tua jura repandas,  
 Æternumq; impune illâ domineris in Aula :  
 Ultra ne tendas, tibi ne perstringat Amoris  
 Lumina Sol, nimia Lucemq; in Luce relinquas.

---

## ALEXIS.

### I.

**M**Y loyal Muse would feign aspire to sing  
 The Praises of our gracious King :  
 But, ah! 'twould ill become his God-like Deeds,  
 His Wisdom, Patience, and the rest  
 Of Virtues that possess his Princely Breast  
 (For which wel-furnish'd Fame more Trumpets  
 needs )  
 To be debas'd and lessen'd by unskilful Reeds.

### II.

Wonders of Mercy, bounteous Heav'n hath shown  
 On him, and he himself is One.

The



The marks of Pow'r divine t' all Kings belong:  
 But God's beloved Attribute,  
 Mercy with few but *Charles* does suit.  
 To things so high 'twould be too great a wrong,  
 To think them Burdens fit for ev'ry Rural Song.

## III.

Shepherds are humble People, and for them  
 Things humble are the fittest Theam.  
 Their Flocks and Herds, cool Streams and flowry  
 And secret Woods, the chaste abodes (Plains  
 Of homely Nymphs, and Country Gods:  
 These are the meet and inoffensive strains  
 That fill the ready Mouths of all Poetick Swains.

## IV.

Or if they higher rise, 'tis to relate  
 Some Lover's good or evil Fate;  
 To praise bright *Phyllis*, or if she prove coy,  
 T' accuse of Avarice and Pride  
 Both her and all the Sex beside:



To mould sad Numbers some their Gift employ  
Others whom kinder Love enlargeth, Hymns of  
Joy.

## V.

Among the rest, *Damon*, who long did prove  
The Force of Poetry and Love,  
(For who so chooseth one, will soon have both)  
His Friend *Alexis* happy Fate  
Did kindly thus congratulate :  
Than him the Plains ne'er bred a gentler Youth ;  
Verse, sweet as Honey, flow'd from his inspired  
Mouth.

## VI.

Upon the Marsh the friendly Shepherds stood,  
Viewing the calm and gentle Flood  
The whilst beside them fed their wel-known Flock,  
When softly towards an Haven nigh  
A richly laden Ship sail'd by.

This hint the fruitful Poet swiftly took,  
And thus alluding to the wealthy Bark he spoke,  
VII.

## VII.

What happy Star shone on thy winged Fleet ?  
 What prosp'rous Gale swell'd out thy Sheet ?  
 I scarce believ'd thee gone to Sea ;  
 When thou, with lucky haste thy Voyage done,  
 A fair and wealthy Prize hast won :  
 O happy Lover ! happy thee,  
 Who stubborn Beauty's Victor now may'st justly  
 styled be

## VIII.

Not mighty *Cæsar* with his num'rous Host  
 A speedier Conquest e'er could boast,  
 Than thou hast got by thine own Power :  
 With Joy and Triumph valiant Swain, go on,  
 Possess the Island thou hast won :  
 Stand not thus idly on the Shore,  
 But enter, and devour within her goodly Store.

## IX.

Where Gold upon the Mountain Tops doth grow,  
 What may we there expect below ?

Yet

Yet tho' with Gold it so abound,  
 'Tis from the us'al Fruits of Riches free :  
 No Av'rice, nor Hypocrisie,  
 No Pride, nor Luxury there is found ;  
 The golden Land with a true golden Age is crown'd.

X.

There Truth and Piety take up all the Room,  
 And Innocence makes that her home ;  
 No Place for Falshood there.  
 You may discern the Motions of her Heart,  
 So pure her Breast, so free from Art :  
 Her Heart shines through her Breasts, as clear  
 As through her open Scarf her Breasts themselves  
 appear.

XI.

On the calm Shoar (methinks) I see thee stand,  
 The Borders of thy promis'd Land,  
 Casting a scornful Look behind  
 Upon the Sea, and smiling when thou se'st  
 It's Rage by barb'rous Storms encreast :

The Billows and the boist'rous Wind,  
Which others dread so much, are Pleasures to thy  
Mind.

## XII.

Ah wretched and too miserable me  
Whose Vessel still is tost at Sea !  
Amidst the Rocks of Fem'ine Pride  
To Thunder and loud Storms expos'd I lie,  
And Lightnings of her angry Eye.  
No gentle Gale blows on my side,  
And not one Star in Heav'n appears to be my  
Guide.

## XIII.

In vain, in vain the fruitless Seas I plow,  
In vain my shatter'd Bark I row,  
The adverse Winds blow 't back again :  
The Shoars I seek still backward move apace ;  
In vain I run a desp'rate Race;  
Then let me sink and perish in the Main :  
The rest I cannot find on Land, Lo! let me here  
obtain !

## N I S A.

*In Imitation of the Shepherd Damon's Complaint, in the Eighth Eclogue of Virgil.*

*Frigida vix Cælo noctis decesserat Umbra, &c.*

## I.

**S**Carce was the Nights cold Shadow from the  
Skies

Withdrawn, when the fresh Dew, that lies  
Upon the tender Grass, doth entertain  
The Flocks with a fat tastful Feast,  
*Damon*, whose Eyes had found no rest  
(Rest, which unhappy Lovers seek in vain)  
Thus, leaning on his Staff, poor *Damon* did complain.

## II.

Rise *Lucifer*, and bring the Day along,  
Arise, and listen to my Song.

My latest Song, which in my dying Hour,  
Rob'd of the Comfort of my Life,  
*Nisa* my promis'd Wife,  
I to the happy Gods above do pour ;  
Tho' them in vain I've call'd to witness heretofore,

## III.

Thou sacred Hill, upon whose lofty Brow  
Shrill Woods, and speaking Pines do grow,  
Who Shepherd's tuneful Loves dost always hear ;  
And *Pan* who first of all did bring  
The Reeds harmoniously to sing ;  
Thou sacred Hill, and vocal Wood draw near :  
Such a sad Song as mine ne'er touch'd your wake-  
ful Ear.

## IV.

Fair *Nisa* does her self on *Mopsus* throw,  
What may not Lovers hope for now ?  
The golden Age (of which old Poets spake)  
Is come : now Contraries agree,  
And Nature is all Sympathy.



At sight of Hounds the Deer no more shall quake;  
The Vulture and the Dove shall leagues of Friend-  
ship make.

V.

Thou shalt be married, *Mopsus*, go provide,  
The Sponsal Cake, and fetch the Bride:  
With Roses let the genial Couch be spread.  
Blest Man! Night's golden Harbinger  
(Whom lovely *Venus* holds so dear)  
For thee will earlier lift his sacred Head  
From *Oeta's* loved Lap, to light thee to thy Bed.

VI.

Thou, who a scornful Eye on all didst cast,  
Lo! what a worthy Choice at last  
Thou'lt made! fair Virgin, look again and see;  
Look e'er too late it prove,  
What Trifles they're, which move  
Thee to abandon thy giv'n Faith, and me,  
And bleating Flocks, and cheerful Songs, and ver-  
tuous Poverty.

## VII.

Let none perswade thee to believe, dear Love,  
 That the unactive Gods above  
 Regard not what is done of Men below :  
 Amidst thy var'ous Luxuries,  
 And all the Court's deceitful Joys, (know  
 Their Plagues will find thee out and make thee  
 What 'tis for filthy Lucre's-sake to break thy  
 Nuptial Vow.

## VIII.

'Twas in the Orchard first I saw my Dear,  
 Gath'ring of golden Apples there.  
 Just Thirteen winged Summers then were flown  
 Over thy beauteous Head, and thou  
 Could'st just reach up to th' laden Bough :  
 A sweet but mortal Fever swiftly run (undone.  
 Through all my Veins, I came, and saw, and was

## IX.

Now to my cost, alas ! I'm made to prove  
 Th' unnat'ral Cruelty of Love.

Ah

Ah barb'rous wretch ! who made th' a Deity ?  
 From some rough Mountain's hollow Womb  
 In *Wales* or *Scotland* thou didst come :  
 Proud Boy, thou'rt of a baser Blood than we ;  
 The Devil thee begat, the Furies suckled thee.

X.

What wicked Deeds have not by Love been  
 wrought ?

What false and faithless Doctrines taught ?  
 The most religious sacred Bonds, that e'er  
 Nature, or God himself did make,  
 The impious Boy doth proudly break.  
 By him her rev'rend Father's Purple Hair  
*Scylla* cut off, and gave his Crown to her Adulterer.

XI.

By him the natural Mother in the Blood  
 Of her own Sons her Hands imbru'd.  
 Ah! cruel Mother ! wicked Boy ! O say  
 Which of the Two shall we  
 Conclude the worse to be,

Him that advis'd, or her that did obey ?  
Both, both alike : but none beside so bad as they.

## XII.

Now from young Lambs let the Woolf run for fear,  
Now let the Thistle Roses bear.  
Let precious Amber sweat from ev'ry Tree.  
Let Oaks with golden Apples bend,  
Let Owls for Voice with Swans contend :  
Let *Baker* now with *Cowley* equall'd be,  
*Cowley* who lost his well-sung Love, no less than he.

## XIII.

Let all things back to their old Chaos run,  
Let Horror and Confusion  
Themselves through all th' amuzed World disperse.  
Farewel, ye Woods, farewel, for I  
To Shades more melancholy fly :  
*Nisa*, farewel. Be this my latest Verse,  
With which I here adorn thy Marriage, and my  
Heir.

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PINDARIQUE

O D E S.

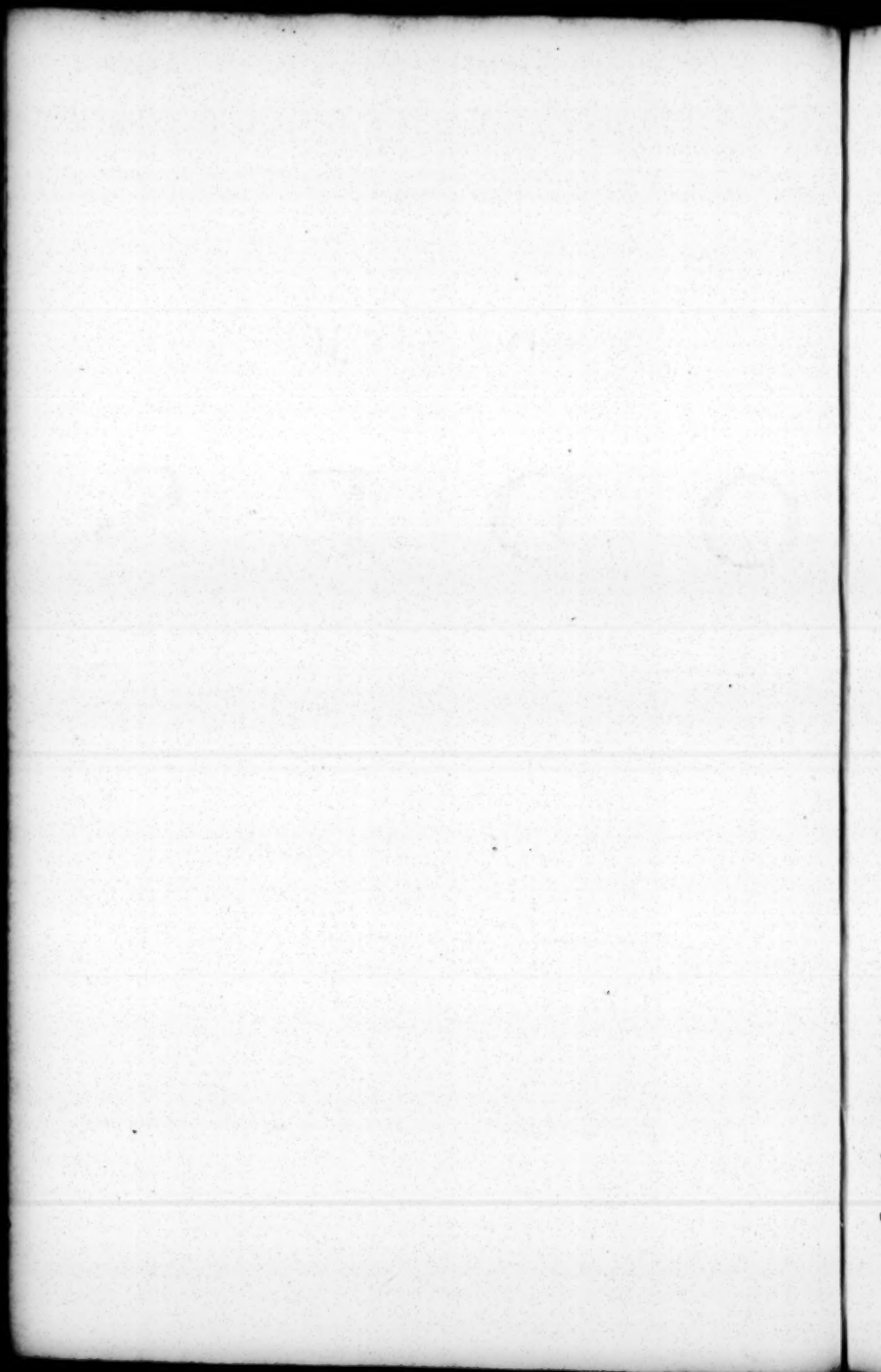
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VIRGIL. Eclog. 4.

———*Paulo majora canamus.*

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# Pindarique ODES.

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*Out of* HORACE.

*Carm. Lib. 2. Ode 14. Paraphrased.*

I.

**A**H! dearest Friend, the Years are flying;  
 They flie alas! they pass away  
 (Like a swift Stream) and will in no  
 wise stay;

There's a necessity of dying.

Neither thy Wisdom, Friend, nor all thy Care  
 Can cure, or hide the Footsteps of old Age  
 Which in thy rev'rend Face begin t' appear.  
 Nor can thy deep Philosophy assuage  
 The Fury of that mighty Conq'ror Death,

Who

Who rides in Triumph through the World, and all  
 Before the Terrour of his Presence fall,  
 Who walk upon the Earth, or underneath  
 Within the Waters play, or in the Air do breath.

## II.

Tho' ev'ry day throughout the rowling Year  
 On *Pluto's* Altar thou shouldst burn  
 Three Hundred chosen Bulls, thou canst not turn  
 His unrelenting Heart, nor bow his stubborn Ear:  
 Who keeps imprison'd in his brazen Hold  
 The Giants, and the mighty Men of old;  
 In vain they struggle to get out,  
 For cruel Fates with hold.

The Gates are Iron, and the Walls are high,  
 And the grim Porter *Cerb'rus* doth before the En-  
 And the black River, like a folding Snake <sup>(trance lie,</sup>  
 In Nine deep Circles guards it round about,  
 E'en *Styx* the fatal Lake  
 O'er which we all must pass, and ne'e return agen,  
 Be we, or pow'rful Kings, or simple Country Men.

## III.

III.

Why do we labour then in vain to shun  
The various Dangers hanging o'er our Head,  
That so we may spin out a tangled and uneven  
In vain, in vain we run (Thread,

From the devouring Sword and thundring Gun;

Tempestuous Seas we fear in vain,

And Fevers which in Autumn reign;

Since if all these were absent, yet

By a strong Law which cannot be withstood,

We're bound to die, and see the slothful Flood

Of black *Cocytus*, and that impious Brood

Which shed their sleeping Bridegroom's Blood,

And of a Nuptial made a winding Sheet;

Now they with endless Labour groan, (known:

And wish they had not Swords, but only Distaves

And *Sisyphus*, condemn'd to roll the restless Stone.

IV.

Thy hoarded Treasures, and thy Manner-house,

From whose aspiring Tow'rs thou may'st descrie

The

The spacious Fields around, and all the passers by,  
 Yet canst not measure out the Bounds  
 Of thine own Grounds,

So far extended every Way they lie, (Eye,  
 Beyond the reach of all, except the World's great  
 Must all be left, together with thy pleasant Spouse,  
 In whose bright Wit and Beauty now thy Mind  
 Doth soft, but sound Contentment find.

Of all the Trees, which now with equal Art & Care  
 Thy wise industrious Hand doth rear;  
 Not one will wait upon thee (save  
 A Bunch of mournful Cypress) to the Grave.

## V.

The wiser and more noble Heir  
 Since he t' enjoy with freedom will not grutch  
 What thou so niggardly dost spare,  
 And, like things hallow'd, art afraid to touch,  
 Will lavishly consume and spend  
 (As if they ne'er could have an end)

Thy

Thy Goods, and open all the Treasuries  
Which now are lock'd up with an Hundred Keys,  
And bring the Pris'ners forth to the long wish'd for  
Light.

He with his boon Companions will carouse

And roar and frolick in thy House,

And with the Ladies Dance and Revel all the  
Night;

And wash the Floor with Floods of richer Wine

Than they but sip, who at my Lord-May'r's Ta-  
ble Dine.

---

Sa-

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# Sacred P O E M S.

---

## *A Paraphrase on Psal. 128.*

I.

**H**Earken, (for it concerns you near) to me  
All you that happy wish to be.

Would you be certain not to miss

Of Peace on Earth, in Heav'n of Bliss ?

Then let th' Almighty's Fear within you reign

To teach you Virtue, and from Vice restrain ;

Walk in the Ways of God : his Ways are safe and  
plain.

Blessed art thou who thus thy Steps dost guide,

Blessed and safe on ev'ry side.

Thy peaceful Temples shall be crown'd

With Garlands of fresh Honours all around.



A Thousand Comforts thou shalt meet  
Above thy Head, and underneath thy Feet.  
Of thine own Labours thou shalt eat  
(An wholsom and well-relish'd Food  
That needs no Sauce to make it savoury and good)  
And freely shalt enjoy the Fruit of all thy Toil  
and Sweat.

## II.

To this an happy Wife shall added be ;  
An happy Wife shall fall to thee,  
Who round thy Neck her gentle Arms will twine  
Like Tendrels of the fertile Vine,  
And Kisses give that far surpass the richest Wine :  
And from an unexhausted Store  
Of Love and Meekness evermore  
Fresh Comforts, and new Charms she will apply,  
And by dividing double all thy Joy. (made ;  
Each others mutual Help, blest Pair, ye shall be  
Thou her supporting Wall, she thy refreshing Shade.  
Meet-helper, She! Her pleasant Usefulness

G

The

The Vine and its fair Fruit do well express,  
For she thy Spirit will revive, and cheer thy Heart  
no less.

## III.

A gen'rous Off'spring to thy Bed she'll bring,  
An honest healthful Race from her will spring,  
Who round the Table shall be seen,  
Straight as young Plants, like Olives fresh and  
green.

These thou with Joy shalt view, and tender Love  
And then a secret Bliss will move  
With Raptures not to be express,  
In thy Contented and Paternal Breast.  
Yet think not, happy Man, that this  
Thy whole and final Portion is :

Far better Things God hath for thee in store,  
And choicer Blessings on thy Head will pour,  
Blessings from Sion, his own House, from whence  
His best Gifts he doth still dispence.

And loves to have us come to fetch them thence,

The Church shall flourish too, and thou shalt bear  
In her Prosperity a lib'ral Share.

Thus thou shalt live, and gladly see  
Thy Children, and their hopeful Progeny,  
A num'rous and wel-govern'd Family.

And further, that thou may'st be sure  
This prosp'rous State will long endure,  
A publick Peace thy private Blessings shall secure.

---

*On Mr. George Herbert's Sacred Poems, called,  
The Temple.*

I.

**S**O long had Poetry possessed been  
By Pagans, that a Right in her they claim'd,  
Pleaded Prescription for their Sin,  
And Laws they made, and Arguments they fram'd,  
Nor thought it Wit, if God therein was nam'd:  
The true GOD; for of false ones they had store,  
Whom Devils we may better call,

And ev'ry thing they deifi'd,  
And to a Stone, Arise and help they cri'd.

And Woman-kind they fell before;  
Ev'n Woman-kind, which caus'd at first their Fall,  
Were almost the sole Subject of their Pen, (Men.  
And the chief Deities ador'd by fond and sottish

## II.

*Herbert* at last arose,  
*Herbert* inspir'd with holy Zeal,  
Their Arguments he solv'd, their Laws he did repeal,  
And spight of all th' enrag'd Foes  
That with their utmost Malice did oppose,  
He rescu'd the poor Captive, Poetry,  
Whom her vile Masters had before decreed:  
All her immortal Spirit to employ  
In painting out the Lip or Eye  
Of some fantastick Dame, whose Pride Incentives  
did not need.

This mighty *Herbert* could not brook ;  
It griev'd his pious Soul to see

The best and noblest Gift,  
That God to Man has left,

Abus'd to serve vile Lust, and sordid Flattery :  
So, glorious Arms in her Defence he took ;  
And when with great Success he'd set her free,  
He rais'd her fancy on a stronger Wing, (sing.  
Taught her of God above, and Things Divine to

III.

Th' infernal Pow'rs that held her fast before  
And great Advantage of their Pris'ner made,  
And drove of Souls a gainful Trade,  
Began to mutiny and roar.

So when *Demetrius* and his Partners view'd *Acts 19.*  
Their Goddess, and with her, their dearer Gains to  
They draw together a confus'd Multitude, (fall,

And into th' Theater they crowd,  
And great *Diana*, great, they loudly call.

Up into th' Air their Voices flie,  
Some one thing, some another crie,

And most of them, they know not why.



They crie aloud, 'till the Earth ring again,

Aloud they crie ; but all in vain.

*Diana* down must go ; They can no more

Their sinking Idol help, than she could them before.

Down she must go with all her Pomp and Train :

The glorious Gospel-Sun her horned Pride doth  
stain,

No more to be renew'd, but ever in the Wane;

And Poetry, now grown Divine above must ever  
reign.

#### IV.

A Mon'ment of this Victory

Our *David*, our sweet Psalmist, rais'd on high,

When he this Giant under foot did tread,

And with Verse, his own Sword, cut off the Mon-  
ster's Head.

For as a Sling and Heav'n-directed Stone

Laid flat the *Gathite* Champion, who alone

Made Thousands tremble, while he proudly stood

Bidding Defiance to the Hosts of God :



So fell th' infernal Pow'rs before the Face  
 Of mighty *Herbert*, who upon the Place  
 A Temple built, that does outgo  
 Both *Solomon's*, and *Herod's* too,  
 And all the Temples of the Gods by far ;  
 So costly the Materials, and the Workmanship so  
 A Temple built, as God did once ordain (rare  
 Without the Saw's harsh Noise *Dent. 27. 5.*  
 Or the untuneful Hammer's Voice, *1 Kings 6. 7.*  
 But built with sacred Musick's sweetest strain,  
 Like *Theban* Walls of old, as witty Poets feign.

## V.

Hail, heav'nly Bard, to whom great LOVE has  
 (His mighty Kindness to express) (giv'n  
 To bear his Three mysterious Offices ;  
 Prophet, and Priest on Earth thou wast, and now  
 a King in Heav'n.

There thou dost reign, and there  
 Thy Bus'ness is the same 'twas here,  
 And thine old Songs thou singest o'er agen :

The Angels and the Heav'nly Quire

Gaze on thee, and admire

To hear such Anthems from an earthly Lyre,

Their own Hymns almost equall'd by an human  
Pen.

We foolish Poets hope in vain

Our Works Eternity shall gain :

But sure those Poems needs must die

Whose Theme is but Mortality.

Thy wiser and more noble Muse

The best, the only way did chuse

To grow Immortal : For what Chance can wrong,

What Teeth of Time devour that Song

Which to a Heav'nly Tune is set for glorifi'd Saints  
to use?

O may some Portion of thy Sp'rit on me

(Thy poor Admirer) light, whose Breast

By wretched mortal Loves hath been too long  
possess'd !

When, Oh ! when will the joyful Day arise

That rescu'd from these Vanities,

These

These painted Follies I shall be,  
 If not an inspir'd Poet, yet an holy Priest like  
 thee.

---

## D E A T H.

*Victurosque Dei celant, ut vivere durent ;  
 Felix est mori ——— Luc. Phar. Lib. 4.*

### I.

**C**ome, Life's long Hope, and on thy peaceful  
 Breast

My burning Temples let me rest !  
 Worn out with Grief, prest down with Loads of  
 To thee for succour I repair, ( Care,  
 Thou Comfort of the Sad, and ease of the Opprest:  
 Could Mortals all thy Virtues clearly see,  
 As much belov'd and courted thou wouldst be  
 By all the World, as now thou art by me.  
 Wars would not fright us then

Into

Into wall'd Towns, nor thence  
 Would we be driven by the Pestilence.  
 To breath the healthful Country Air agen :  
 Nor to the Doctor would Men flie,  
 Unless to crave his aidful hand, to make them  
     sooner die,  
 Thou art the Pilgrims Home, the poor Man's Wealth  
 The Captive's Ransom, and the sick Man's Health,  
     In vain of Goods and Liberty  
     The Living boast ; for none are free  
 Or rich, but only such as are made so by thee.

## II.

But Men (alas!) are blind to their own Good,  
 They shun the Harbour, and desire to be  
 For ever tossing on the stormy Flood :  
     From Peace and Happiness they flee,  
 Because the Benefits that come from thee  
     Cannot be seen nor understood  
 But by a wel-purg'd Mind, a quick enlightning Eye.  
 Blest *Aaron's* Lot: full wisely he did spie

Thy

Thy various Gifts, and well did count  
 To what vast Sums thy Treasures do amount,  
 When to the Top of *Har*, with thee to meet,  
 His longing Soul drew up his aged Feet.  
 There unconcern'd like one that goes to Rest,  
 Having first himself undrest,  
 While God-like *Moses* and his own dear Son,  
 The Heir of his high Place, with Tears stood loo  
 ' ing on.  
 His wel-pleas'd Head down laid the good old Priest.  
 To Heav'n it's Home, his Spirit enlarged fled ;  
 Within thy Arms his other Part was safe Deposited.

III.

Ah ! Let it not prejudice my suit, that I  
 To thee so late a Convert flie.  
 Thou dost dispence, I grant, such solid Joys  
 As well may win a Soul, that lies  
 Nurs'd in the Lap of warm Prosperities,  
 And well thou dost deserve our first and freest  
 Choice:

But



But 'ts (alas) our folly still  
Not to know Good, 'till first we taste of Ill.  
We're like Sea-monsters, which before  
They're wounded, never come to Shore.  
So when God's People by the Flesh-pots fate,  
Enjoying Bondage easie, they forgat  
Their promis'd Country : But the Iron Rod  
Of *Pharaoh*, and the toilsom Fire  
Soon kindled in their Breasts a strong desire  
Out of *Egypt* to retire,  
And travel tow'rd's the fatal Land, where God  
Had promis'd rest to them, and safe abode ;  
A Land, where gentle Streams of Milk and tastful  
Honey flow'd.

## IV.

They know thee not, who thee grim Feature style,  
And meagre Shadow ; Names too vile  
And much unfit for thee, whose ev'ry Part  
Lays stronger Chains upon the Heart,

And



And binds with sweeter Force, than all  
That mortal Lovers Beauty call,  
Tho' heighten'd much by Fancy, and help'd by Art  
Through the false perspective of Hate  
They look'd, who hollow Cheeks in thee espy'd.  
And Mouth for ever open, grinning wide,  
With deep sunk Eyes, and Nose down levell'd flat.  
Thou 'rt lovely all ; no Virgin e'er  
Smil'd so sweet, or look'd so fair,  
Save she whose heav'nly Womb Man's ruin did re-  
The Charms and Graces which we find (pair.  
Dispersed here and there in Woman kind,  
Are all united, and sum'd up in thee,  
Beauties rich Epitome.

Oh ! that in this thou would'st not too  
That peevish Sex out-do,  
Flying the more from Men, the more they woe !

## V.

Truth is, thou once wast such as we  
Fond tim'rous Men suspect thee still to be.

Thy

Thy Look was Terrible, and justly might  
The most resolved Heart affright,  
Unable to endure the ghastly Sight,  
And on thy gloomy Eye lids sate eternal Night.  
But now thy looks are mended: now in thee  
No Terrour nor Deformity,  
But Friendliness and Love is all we see.  
The Blood that issu'd from my Saviour's Side  
By strange Transfusion fill'd each Vein  
Of thine with such a noble Tide,  
That thou'rt grown fresh and young again;  
Young as the Morn, Fresh as a Virgin-bride.  
The Roses which thy Cheek adorn,  
Were there transplanted, from the Thorn  
Which on his sacred Head did grow:  
His Innocence did deck  
Thy Hands and Neck  
With Beds of Lilies whiter far than Snow.  
Thy Shaft which was of old  
Headed with baleful Lead, he tip'd with Gold,

It touch'd his precious Heart,  
And straight new Virtue drew, to dart  
Not Death, but Life and Joy instead of Smart.  
And ever since, thou'rt lovely grown;  
Since then, thy charming Face has shone  
With borrow'd Grace and Beauty, not thine own.

## VI.

Thy Nature thus being chang'd 'tis fit  
Thy Name should likewise change with it.  
And so it is; Thy Christian Name is Rest,  
Sweet Rest, whose balmy Hand at Night repairs  
The vital Sp'rits, and Strength, which Day  
And painful Labour waste away:  
Of all God's Gifts the softest, and the best  
The fruitful Womb of Peace, the Tomb of Grief  
and Cares.  
But yet, 'twixt other Rests and thee there lies  
This difference: they give Short, thou Lasting Joys.  
They make us abler to endure  
The long Disease of Life, thou the Disease dost cure.  
Our

Our tender Hearts, which the fierce Vulture, Pain  
Devoureth, they restore to feel fresh Wounds again;

But when thy Pow'r is o'er,  
To Grief and Labour we return no more :  
Of everlasting Peace and Joy thou art the Door.  
Eternal Life we cannot gain but by  
Thy Gift and Liberality,  
And he that hopes to live, must wish to die.

## VII.

This Hope it is that now my Heart doth move,  
For truly (that I may no Flatt'rer prove)  
Thy Goods, O gentle Death, not thee I love.

I would not perish like a Beast :  
To thee and all the World I here protest.  
No such unmanly Thought e'er came within my  
Breast.

My Wishes are more gen'rous than to be  
Reduced to my First *Non-entity* :

I would not be unmade, but made anew by thee.

I thee, as Men rich Widows do,  
Not for thy self, but for thy Portion woe :  
Nor shouldst thou ever hear of Love from me,  
Were I not sure e'er long to bury thee,  
That by thy Spoils enrich'd I may arise  
More glorious Banns to solemnize,  
And change thy cold Love for a nobler Flame,  
The Nuptials of th' eternal Lamb.

---

## JUDITH.

### I.

**S**peak, Muse, whom wilt thou sing ?  
What mighty Man, what King,  
Upon the Stage what Hero wilt thou bring,  
To act his Part o'er once again,  
In such impetuous Numbers, as shall make  
His hearers (as his En'mies did) to quake ?  
No, no ; my Muse will not this Subject take.

H

She'll



She'll meddle not with men  
 Too long already they have been  
 The flatter'd Theme of the Pindarique Pen.  
 The fair and gentle Sex  
 With barb'rous Spight to vex  
 Their spleenful Tongues while others bend,  
 My grateful and more gen'rous Muse  
 (Like virtuous Knights of old) a nobler Task will  
 Wrong'd and abus'd Ladies to defend. (chuse,  
 A Woman she will sing, whose matchless worth  
 The best of Men must gladly Copy forth,  
 If ever they expect to have their Name  
 Recorded in the Rolls of never-dying Fame.

## II.

Begin, begin, and strike the Lyre  
 Teach all the World great *Judith* to admire,  
*Judith* who in that Hand a Fauchin bore  
 Which a Distaff held before ;  
 Who bought the Safety of her native Town,  
 With the Danger of her own ;

Whose



Whose conq'ring Eyes th' *Affyrian* Tyrant spoil'd  
Of his proud Hopes, and all his shining Glories  
soyl'd.

The fairest, and the chastest of her kind,  
(Two Epithets, that are but seldom joyn'd,  
Unless for some great Work by Heav'n design'd)  
And with these Female Gifts, Courage and Wit  
combin'd,

Which we Male-Virtues call'd till then,

And thought them proper to us Men.

*Judith* all these together brought,

And self-conceited Men a better Judgment taught,

More fair and good than ev'ry she,

More bold and wise than ev'ry he :

A Miracle she was, greater than that she wrought.

### III.

Her mourning Habit laid aside,

(dy'd,

Which ne'er was done 'till now, since good *Manasses*

She dress'd her self in all her Gaiety and Pride,

Not like a drooping Widow, but a sprightly Bride:

And to her nat'ral Beauty did impart

Some little needfuls help of Art.

Her Skin she washes, and she curls her Hair,

Her Head a Bonnet set with sparkling Gems doth  
bear,

Upon her Arms, her Fingers, and her Ears

She Bracelets, Rings, and Jewels wears,

And Silver Slippers on her feet.

Arm'd weakly (one would think) a mighty Host to

But naked Beauty has a stronger Force (meets:

Than armed Bands of Foot, and Troops of Horse.

Thus arm'd, the Gen'ral's Heart she'll captive lead;

His Heart she first will take, and then his Head.

#### IV.

Thus drest, tow'rd's the proud Gen'ral's Tent,

The Widow and her Maid with diligent Footsteps  
went :

*Bethulia's* Elders wonder'd she would go

So late, so drest, attended so :

They wonder'd, but they fear'd no ill intent ;

Her

Hee well-known Piety and Innocence  
 Against Suspicion were a strong Defence.  
 But on secure th' Heroic Lady goes,  
 Nor fears she ought amidst the armed Foes;  
 So bold is Beauty, when her Strength she knows.

And now the Guards upon her Seize,  
 And to the Gen'ral carry their fair Prize :  
 The Sight his wanton Fancy much doth please ;  
 He makes his Soul a Slave to her imperious Eyes.  
 And swears, if with her Love she him will crown,  
 He'll think't a nobler Triumph than the vanquish'd  
 The Souldiers round his Tent do Crowd (Town.  
 Their Wonder makes them insolent and rude,

And thus they boldly cry aloud,

Happy *Hebrews*! happy they

Who'mbrace such Beauties ev'ry day !

Come on, brave Hearts, let's make the Town submit  
 That ev'ry one of us may such a Mistress get.

Fond Fools, rejoyce not that to you she's fled: 2 King.  
19. 35.

Your Fathers were of old by an Angel visited

But 'twas to kill: expect the like Fate you,  
For this is a destroying Angel too.

## V.

Tell me what made thee leave this Town,  
Said *Holopernes* 'twixt a Smile and Frown  
(The Smile to her, to th' Town the Frown he gave)

This Town that dares me to out-brave,  
And 'gainst my Two great Gods so vainly boast,  
Th' *Assyrian* Monarch, and this num'rous Host ?  
She softly answer'd with a virtuous Lie,  
That *Isr'el's* God his People would forsake,  
Because by strong necessity compell'd,  
His rev'rend Laws they had agreed to break,  
And eat such things as were by strict Command  
withheld.

That she their Sin and Punishment to flie,  
Had fled for Safety to his Princely Aid :  
Nor should the noble Favour be unpaid,

For she would undertake to shew  
The Season when and Manner how  
These desp'rate *Hebrews* he might best subdue.

## VI

She spake , and by their Looks perceiv'd  
Her Tale was readily believ'd,  
Which made her bold thus to proceed and say,  
Wherefore, great Prince, I beg that with your  
leave I may  
Each Night go forth without the Camp to pray ;  
For then my God to whom  
Fervent Devotions I do daily pay,  
Will tell me when *Bethulia's* Day is come.  
Then I, dread Sir, your valiant Troops will head  
And through the Heart of *Palestina* lead,  
And none shall dare to draw a Sword at them,  
Until all Labours over-past,  
This Hand your peaceful Throne have plac'd  
Within the Walls of sack'd *Jerusalem*.  
While thus she pleads, he gazes on her Face,  
Admires her Wit, and Beauty, and the Grace  
Of her enchanting Words, and drinks down Love  
apace.



His Heart is wounded, inwardly he burns,  
And for her sake a Party-Convert turns,

If this be true (said he)

And if thy God and thou perform all this for me,  
He shall my God, and thou my Goddess be.  
No other Deity I'll serve, but thine, and thee.

## VII.

For Joy he makes a royal Feast,  
And beauteous *Judith* is his Guest.

The golden Cups are crown'd ,  
And *Judith's* Health goes round.

With Flames of Wine he nourisheth Love's Fire :  
Drunkennes doubles his Desire.

At last the Company retire,  
Leaving their envi'd Gen'ral to his Rest,  
And (as they thought) to a more delicious Feast,  
For Love, (that wanton *Epicure*) by luscious Beauty  
drest.

He trebly drunk, with Joy, and Wine and Love  
Does from the Table to the Bed remove :

The



The Bed, the Table, and the Tent turn round,  
 With misty Fumes his Brain is drown'd,  
 And his weak Sight  
 Doubles the Light;  
 Their Watch his Senses cannot keep  
 (Such Dangers ever do attend  
 The Man whom drunken Guards defend)  
 Their Master is by them betray'd t' a deadly Sleep.

VIII.

Sleep *Holophernes*, sleep thy last:  
 For when this Slumber once is past,  
 Over thy Head his downy Wing shall never more  
 be cast.

The Bed, whereon thou next shalt lie,  
 Will be a Bed of Flames, that never can expire,  
 Of Flames more hot & smoaky than thy lustful Fire,  
 And Death will then appear a welcome Remedy;  
 But thou (alas!) must never die.

The Devils roaring, and the Groans  
 Of damned Souls, and thine own Pains and Moans,

The

The Clank of Chains, the Whips unpleasant Noise,  
The laughing Fury's dismal Voice  
All hope of Slumber from thine Eyes will take,  
And ever, ever keep thy weary Soul awake,

## IX.

Thus while in Sleep the Gen'ral buri'd lies  
The valiant Dame comes softly to the Bed,  
And takes the Fauchin from her Lover's Head,  
And, lifting up to Heav'n her faithful Eyes,  
Now help me, O my God (said she) and now  
Thy promis'd Mercy to thy People show.  
Then up she lifts her Arm, and strikes a Blow  
Upon his Neck with all her might,  
(An unseen Angel guides the Blow aright)  
Out Blood, and Wine, and Life, together mingled  
flow.  
A second Time she lifts her mighty Hands  
(The Angel ready by her stands)  
And with that Stroak his Soul is severed  
From's Body, and his Body from his Head.

This

This done, the subtle Conqueror goes apace

Through all the Guards upon Pretence  
Of Prayer, and unsuspected carries thence  
Their Master's Head, the *Hebrew* Tow'rs to grace.  
What Tongue can tell th' excess of Joy, which then  
O'erflow'd the Hearts of sav'd *Bethulia's* Men?

The Mouths which heretofore with Thirst were  
dri'd,

Found Moisture now their inward Joy to vent

And Eyes, which all their Stock had spent,  
While they the publick Danger did lament,  
Pump'd up fresh Tears of Gladness, when they 'spi'd

In *Judith's* Hand, the Tyrant's Head,  
Who all their Sorrows, and their Fears had bred.  
Nor was their Joy secure, and unemploy'd,

But all quick Preparation make,  
As soon as e'er the early Morn should 'wake,  
Their well-appointed Arms to take,

And sally out upon the careless Foe,  
Whilst yet the last Nights Fate he did not know,

## X.

The Morning come, the Souldiers throng  
About the Gen'ral's Tent, and think he sleeps too  
long;

With waiting tir'd, at last they ope the Door;  
And lo! their Duke lies Headless on the Floor,  
His Corps all wallowed in Dirt and Gore  
And lo! an hideous Crie through all the Army  
flies,

Fear, and Despair, and Horror fill the Place:

Nothing appears in ev'ry Face,

But Wonder, Paleness, and Surprize,

Such, I believe, but more amazing far

Will the Face of things appear,

Such Trembling and Astonishment will come

On sinful Wretches at the Day of Doom,

When Earth shall from the Center start, and all

The blasted Stars like unripe Figs shall fall.

Torn from the Sphere, as Fruit by Tempest from  
the Tree

When the Sun's Lamp obscure and black shall grow  
And

Rev. 6.  
12. &c.

And thrust his Head into eternal Night,  
And the Appearance of a greater Light,  
And from the Moon (robb'd of her Brothers Sight)  
All Beauty shall depart, and Tears of Blood shall  
flow.

When all the Orbs of Heaven untun'd shall be,  
And like a Parchment Scroll

Which Men together roll,

Crackle, and shrink on heaps amidst the Fire, (pire,  
Wherein the aged World's proud Fabrick must ex-  
And when the Sea shall boyl, and from her Bosom  
The Islands she embraces now. (throw

When Nature's self shall feel Death's inward Pain,  
And Rocks and Mountains shall be implor'd in vain  
To shelter guilty Souls from that devouring Flame,  
Which burns before the Presence of the now de-  
spised Lamb.

XI.

Hold, hold, audacious Muse, forbear to wrong,  
This mighty Day with thy bold Tongue.

Whither



Whither has this great Hint transported thee?  
Call in thy 'nruly Heat, which hath digress'd so long;  
And let this dreadful Judgment be  
The daily Bus'ness of my Thoughts, more than my  
Song.

Return we to th' *Assyrian* Camp, and view  
The sad Effects that Wine and Lust ensue.  
While thus amaz'd they stand, and no man knew  
Or what to say, or what to do,  
In, like fierce lightning, Lo! the *Hebrews* flew.

The Torrent of whose direful Rage  
Nor struggling can repel, nor yielding can assuage.  
For like a mighty Wind,  
Which scatters, or o'erthrows with violent Force  
Whatever stops the Passage of his haughty Course.  
With no less fury they  
Whoe'er they find without Distinction slay.

Revenge, as well as Love is blind,  
It sees no Cause of Rev'rence, nor of being kind:  
Princes and common Souldiers heap'd together lay.  
In vain some for their Lives do fight,



Others as vainly flie :

Death overtakes these in their Flight,

And th' others stay to die.

They flie ; their furnish'd Tents behind them stay,

To th' *Isra'ites* a joyful Prey,

Who in *Affyrian* Blood dy'd Red their Holy-day.

XII.

Return, my Muse, leave now the bloody Field,

And let thy tuneful Strings a softer Musick yield,

Return to *Israel's* joyful Sons, and sing

How to the Temple they their vowed Offerings  
bring,

The Altar with bright Flames is beautif'd,

Whole Hecatombs of chosen Bullocks fr'd,

And Clouds of Incence to the Skies

Perfum'd with grateful Praises rise.

And now where's beaut'ous *Judith*, where

To take her due and mighty Share

In this great solemn Feast of Victory

Wrought by her conqu'ring Hand, and more pe-  
vailing Eye?

Look

Look there, and you a charming Troop shall 'spie,  
Such as no show that e'er you saw can vie,  
Of beaut'ous Maids and Matrons a bright Galaxie.  
See, see how *Judith's* Star above the rest aspires!  
She shines like *Cynthia* 'mongst the lesser Fires.  
Lo! in what decent Pride the now glad Widow  
stands !

A Crown of Olive on her Head she wears,  
And the glad Name of *Isr'el's* Saviour hears.  
The Women round her dance with Branches in  
their Hands,

And a triumphant Song they sing,  
As once they did to *Isr'el's* destin'd King ;  
For she to her ten Thousands may be said,  
T'have slain in cutting off the Army's Head.  
Behind the Men of *Isr'el* joyful go,  
All armed, not for Battel, but for show,  
And as they march along thus to her Praise  
Their cheerful Voices raise.

## XIII.

Hail, guardian Angel of old *Isr'el's* Seed,  
The Stock of faithful *Abraham*,  
To whom the Promise of Salvation came,  
Which now our joyful Eyes have seen fulfil'd indeed  
Much we have seen: but yet our Sons shall see

Much more than we:

For greater Things are breeding in the Womb  
Of Time to come.

Hail *Judith*, t' whom, next to kind Heav'n we owe  
That thus triumphantly we go,

Nor fear th' Insultings of a conqu'ring Foe.  
Such Fruit thy Beauty 's born, as never grew  
Upon that Stock, 'till now.

Beauty's destroy'd Towns oft, and may do more:  
Never did Beauty save a Town before.

'Tis thou that hast improv'd its Fruit  
By grafting it on Virtue's noble Root.  
Ah! how unlike to thine, how far less fair

Is that which other Ladies bear!

I

Thou

Thou Freedom giv'st to all: they Fools enslave,  
Their Beauty boasts to kill, but thine to save.  
Their Eyes to Comets may be liken'd well,  
Whose direful Beams approaching Plagues foretel:  
Thine, like the gracious Sun, dispence  
Health and Beauty, Life and Sense,  
And chear the World by their kind Influence.  
Shine Beaut'ous *Judith*; for no Light  
Like thine, will ever glad our sight,  
Until the Sun of Righteousness arise,  
The true and living Light, to bless our Heart and  
Eyes.

---

*VIRGILIUS EVANGELIZANS.*

---

A

P O E M

U P O N

Christmas-Day.

In Imitation of the

Fourth Eclogue of VIRGIL,

Entitled,

POLLIO:

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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# T H E P R E F A C E.

**T**He *Fourth Eclogue* of Virgil, taken by him out of Sibylla's Oracles, containeth a famous Prediction, concerning the Birth of our blessed Saviour (which was then at hand) and the Benefits of his Incarnation, together with the State of his Church, until the Restitution of all things. Which the Poet not understanding, nor imagining that a Person so extraordinary could arise any where but among the Romans, applies to Saloninus the Son of Pollio, then newly born; or as I rather think, to some young Infant of the Imperial Family: for he would hardly ascribe so great a Kingdom, and such mighty Acts to a private Person, for fear of displeasing Augustus, on whose Line all Power and Greatness was by the Flattery of Courtiers entailed for ever.

I have here endeavoured to rectifie Virgil's Mistake, and restore this excellent Poem to its right owner: there being several things in it, which cannot, with any shew of Truth, be applied to any Per-

son, but the Son of God. And herein I have taken the Liberty (which the Poet, I suppose did with the Prophetess) to leave out some things, to add others, and by a Paraphrase to make the Sense more plain and easie. Yet the Reader will find very little in the Translation, that is not hinted in the Original, which will appear, if any Man will take the Pains to confer them together.

Tho' Virgil was not so happy as to understand his own Verses, yet in After times the reading of them did incline several Persons to the Christian Faith, and the Primitive Fathers made use of them, to convince the Pagans, that a Messias, a King from Heaven, a Restorer of all things was promised by God, and about that time expected by Men.

Thus God left not himself without Witness, even amongst the Gentiles, tho' through their Pride and Ignorance they misapplied the Intimations given them from Heaven.

VIRGIL *Eclog.* 4.

## I.

**S**icelides Musæ paulo majora canamus:  
Non omnes arbuſta juvant, humileſq; myricæ  
Si canimus Sylvas, Sylvæ ſint Conſule dignæ,  
Ultima Cumæi venit jam Carminis ætas;  
Magnus ab integro Seclorum naſcitur ordo.  
Jam redit & virgo, redeunt Saturnia Regna.  
Jam nova Progenies Cælo demittitur alto.  
Tu modo naſcenti Puero, quo Ferrea primum  
Deſinet, ac toto ſurget Gens aurea mundo,  
Caſta ſave Lucina: tuus jam regnat Apollo.

## II.

Teq; adeo, Decus hoc ævi, te Conſule inibir,  
Pollio, & incipient magni procedere Menſes.  
Te Duce, ſiqua manent Sceleris veſtigia noſtri,  
Irrita perpetua ſolvent Formidine Gentes.

Ille Deum vitam accipiet, Divisq; videbit  
Permistos Heroas, & ipse videbitur illis,  
Pacatumq; reget Patriis virtutibus Orbem.

## III.

At tibi prima, Puer, nullo Monuscula cultu  
Errantes Ederas passim cum Baccare Tellus  
Mistaq; ridenti Colocasía fundet Acantho.  
Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta Capellæ  
Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta Leones.  
Ipsa tibi blandos fundent Cunabula Flores,  
Occidet & serpens, & fallax herba Veneni  
Occidet, Assyrium vulgo nascetur Amomum.

## IV.

At simul Heroum Laudes, & Facta Parentum  
Jam legere, & quæ sit poteris cognoscere Virtus,  
Molli paulatim flavescet Campus Aristâ,  
Incultisq; rubens pendebit sentibus Uva,  
Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida Mella.

## V.

Pauca tamen suberunt priscæ vestigia Fraudis,  
Quæ tentare Thetin ratibus, quæ cingere muris  
Oppida, quæ jubeant, telluri infindere sulcos.  
Alter erit tum Typhis, & altera quæ vehat Argo  
Delectos Heroas ; erunt etiam altera Bella,  
Atq; iterum ad Trojam magnus mittetur Achilles.

## VI.

Hinc ubi jam firmata Virum te fecerit ætas,  
Cedet & ipse Mari vector, nec nautica Pinus  
Mutabit merces ; omnis ferit omnia Tellus.  
Non rastros patietur Humus, non vinea Falcem,  
Robustus quoq; jam Tauris juga solvet Arator.  
Nec varios discet mentiri Luna Colores ;  
Iple sed in pratis Aries jam suave-rubenti  
Murice, jam croceo mutabit vellera Luto.  
Sponte sua sandyx pascentes vestiet agnos.  
Talia secla suis dixerunt currite fufis.  
Concordes stabili Fatorum numine Parcæ.

## VII.



## VII.

Aggredere, ô magnos (aderit jam Tempus) honores.

Chara Deum soboles, magnum Jovis Incrementum,

Aspice convexo nutantem pondere mundum,

Terraq; tractusque Maris, Cælumq; profundum!

Aspice venturo lætentur ut omnia seculo!

O mihi tam longe maneat pars ultima vitæ,

Spiritus, & quantum sat erit tua dicere Facta,

Non me Carminibus vincet, nec Thracius Orpheus,

Nec Linus; huic Mater quamvis, atq; huic Pater  
adfit,

Orphei Calliopea, Lino formosus Apollo.



---

*Virgilius Evangelizans, &c.*

## I.

**E** Nough of Rural Things, my Muse,  
The lowly Shrubs and Bushes of the Field  
To all an equal Pleasure do not yield.

'Tis Time for thee a nobler Theam to chuse :

Or if of Woods thou still do sing,

Let them be such Woods as are

Worthy of a Consuls Care.

Enough my Muse, of Love and Woman-kind.

Take now thy Lute and to it bind

A loud and everlasting String,

And make the joyful News through the wide  
World to ring.

The golden Age is come that shall unfold

*Sibylla's* mystick Oracles of old.

Behold! at last the heav'nly Maid is come,

Whose

Whose long-expected Fruit shall bless us all,  
 And from the Regions of high Heav'n recal!  
 The Days of Paradise before the Fall.

See, how her chaste and sacred Womb  
 Does with Seed immortal swell!

From Heav'n the best Conception did descend,  
 May Angels at their Master's Birth attend, *S. Luke 2.*  
 And to Mankind the welcome Tidings tell, *13, 14.*  
 That by the Merit of this high-born Child  
 The ancient Enmity is now exil'd,  
 And God and Man are reconcil'd;  
 Peace on the Earth through him, the Prince of  
 Peace doth dwell.

## II.

Thou *Pollio* thou shalt surely see  
 This Darling of Mankind, the World's Desire: *Hab. 2. 7.*  
 For yet before thy Consul-ship expire  
 The wond'rous Things shall be perform'd, that are  
 foretold by me.  
 For now the Womb of Time so big is grown,

It cannot long the ripen'd Birth with hold :  
A new Account of Years comes marching on,  
The Iron Age will soon improve to Gold.  
Come, blessed Infant, whom high Heav'n ordains  
The promis'd Renovation to begin ;  
    'Tis thou must wash away the Stains  
    And Footsteps of Orig'nal Sin,  
And ease Man-kind of all the Fears they now are in.  
A Life divine thou on the Earth shalt lead  
Amidst thy Saints conversing Face to Face,  
A Priviledge not giv'n 'till now to human Race.  
    Upon thy Foes thy Foot shall tread :  
Thou thy great Father's Gift the World shalt sway,  
And all the Kingdoms of the Earth thy Scepter  
    shall obey. *Psal. 2. 8, 9.*

## III.

In Honour of thy Birth, the Earth untill'd  
All kinds of Sovereign Herbs and smiling Flow'rs  
    shall yield.  
Roses and Lilies of their own accord  
Shall grow about the Cradle of their Lord.

All

All Creatures in thy Service shall agree ;

The Kine shall dutifully bring

Their well fill'd Bottles to their Infant King, *Is. 7. 15.*

And thou shalt suck the free-will Offerings of the Bee

'Twixt tame and savage Beasts there shall remain

No difference in thy peaceful Reign, *Isai. 11.*

The Kids with Wolves shall safely dwell, *6. &c.*

And Lambs sleep boldly in the Leopard's Cell,

The Flocks shall feed secure, and for thy sake

The Lion and the calf shall Leagues of Friendship  
make.

Nay, Man more savage yet than these, *Isa. 2. 4.*

Shall lay aside the Thoughts of War :

The sound of Trumpets then shall cease,

No loud Alarums shall disturb Man's ease ;

But *Janus* Gates an universal Peace shall bar.

Th' old Serpent's Head shall bruised be, *Gen. 3. 15.*

And all his Poison taken out by thee,

No Herbs of painful Nature shall be found ;

But rich *Assyrian* Odours then shall grow on ev'ry  
Ground.

## IV.

But as in Strength and Stature thou shalt grow,  
Thy Fame shall new Advances make:  
Whatever ancient Prophets spake  
Thou shalt not only answer but out-do.  
The Virtues of thy Royal Line,  
Which in the sacred Books so clearly shine,  
Shall be obscur'd and over-cast by thine:  
As less illustrious Stars slip out of sight,  
When once the Sun steps forth all clad in golden  
Light.

The curst Earth, which like a Desert lies,

A barren and unlovely Land,  
Into a fair and fruitful Paradise  
Shall be reformed by thy skillful Hand.

Thy precious Seed in ev'ry Field

A manifold Encrease shall yield.

The Wood's wild Plants shall feel thy Pow'r divine,  
Their Nature thou shalt change, their Fruit refine,  
And bid the rugged Thorn become a noble Vine.

On



On Brambles thou the purple Rose shalt set,  
And stubborn Oaks shall store of tastful Honey  
sweat.

## V.

Yet still some Reliques of the Prim'tive Stain  
Shall in the Root of tainted Nature lurk,  
And countermine thy sacred Work,  
Reducing Sin, and Sin's unlucky Fruits again.  
The Love of Gold shall yet enslave Man-kind,  
And to vexatious Cares and Labours bind.  
Some to the toilsom Plough shall yoked be,  
And others travel through the Pathless Sea,  
Pride and Ambition still shall reign,  
And Princes to the Wars their People train;  
And foolish Men their Wits shall stain  
T' invent more dreadful Engines still  
The Life of Innocents to spill.

## VI.

But when thy glorious Body shall receive  
It's perfect growth, it's full increase,  
All Pain and Labour then shall cease.

The



The Mariner the stormy Sea shall leave :  
 Of Traffick there shall be no further need,  
 For ev'ry Land shall all things useful breed,  
 With Plough-shares torn, the Earth no more shall be  
     The lab'ring Ox shall then go free ;  
 Nor shall the tender Vine by cutting bleed,  
 The Dyers feigned Art shall useleſs lie :  
 Inſtructed Nature ſhall the Place of Art ſupply.  
 Thy Flocks ſhall precious Colours freely bear,  
 Some Azure Wool, and ſome ſhall Scarlet wear.  
 Soft to the Touch, and to the Eye more fair  
 Than *Perſian* Silks, or *Tyrian* Hangings are :  
 And all thy Lambs ſhall yield a golden Fleece,  
 Richer than that at *Colchos*, ſought by all the Youth  
     of *Greece*.  
 So Heav'n decrees, ſo Prophecies relate ;  
 This bleſſed Change we all expect from thy reſiſt-  
     leſs Fate.

## VII.

Come mighty Prince the Time draws near,  
 Thou, God's beloved Son, Heav'n's shining Crown,  
 Thou Joy of Angels hasten down:  
 The sinful Earth to visit do not fear;  
 Thy Presence will create its own Heav'n ev'ry  
 where.

See how the Heav'ns, the Earth, and spacious Sea  
 Beneath the Weight of Sin and Vanity

Do groan and pant, and long for thee, *Rom.. 8.*  
19. 22.  
 Who art ordain'd their great Deliverer to be.

See how they smile with secret Joy,  
 Stretch forth their Necks, and raise their Heads on  
 high.

O might I live to see that Joyful Day,  
 When free'd from Sin and Vanity,  
 Both Heav'n and Earth renew'd shall be,  
 And re-obtain their sweet and ancient Liberty!  
 When the last Fire shall purge their Dross away,  
 But leave the Substance still behind,

(Like

(Like precious Gold) more rich and more  
refin'd, 2. S. Pet.  
3. 12. 13.

No more obnoxious now to Bondage or Decay.

When, Sin and Malice driven down to Hell,

(Their native Place, their ancient Home,

From whence they never more shall come)

Just Men and meek in endless Bliss on the new  
Earth shall dwell. Mat. 5. 5.

O might I live thy noble Acts to tell!

Doubtless that glorious Subject will inspire

Thy Servant's Breast with such exalted Fire,

That the blest Spirits, and th' immortal Quire

Shall listen to my Verses, and admire

To hear Angelick Songs breath'd from an human  
Lyre.

2310

HICATHRIFT.

---

DUELLUM,

S I V E

PUGNA Singularis

I N T E R

Juvenem quendam fortissimum,

Cui NOMEN

*HICATHRIFT,*

E T

G I G A N T E M Ferocissimum,

Qui publicos Agros (vulgò *Marshland Smee*)  
occupaverat, atque Incolas, magnâ cum  
bonorum jacturâ sedes suas mutare coege-  
rat.

---

*Vicit amor Patriæ — —*

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1890

1891

1892

1893

1894

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1896

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1898

1899

1900



# HICATHRIPT.

**I** L L E ego, qui molli nuper labefactus amore  
 Carmina deflevi teneris placitura puellis,  
 Securus Famæ, & nil pulchræ Laudis avarus:  
 Consilia in melius referens nunc lætor amarum  
 Excussisse jugum Cervice; novoq; Furore  
 Afflatus non jam venerem, sed fervida martis  
 Arma, virumq; cano, Patriam qui primus ab  
 Hoste  
 Eripuit, capitisq; sui discrimine Pœstem  
 Depulit à Sociis; magnum & memorabile factum,  
 Nostra suas dignè Laudes si dicere possit  
 Musa, nec ingenium superent certamina tanta.

Non procul urbe jacet Lennâ ditissima fru- *Lyn.*  
 gum,

Et pecorum Regio; veteres haud nomine vano  
 (Quippe Mari juxta Madidam) dixere Palu- *Marſſa-*  
 ſtrem. *land.*

Oceani (ut prohibent) ereptam faucibus olim  
 Romani valido cinxerunt aggere Terram,  
 Quem sumptu nimio, magnoq; labore Nepotes  
 Sufficiunt, Pelagique minas tali arte repellant :  
 Ni facerent, ruptis subitò (sua jura reposcens)  
 Irrueret Portis, pecudesq; domosq; per undas  
 Spargeret, atq; iterum quæ nunc armenta vagantur,  
 Paceret immanes Proteus sub Gurgite Phocas.

Hujus ad occiduam fundit se plurima  
 partem *The Smerb,*  
*vulgò the*  
*Smeë.*

Planities, spacio lateq; extenditur amplo.

Vere novo, quando aura tepet, Zephyriq; benigni  
 Aspirant, Flores varios & Graminis herbam  
 Sponte sua felix, nulloq; subacta colono  
 Fundit humus, pariter Nares ac Lumina pascens.  
 Hic jucunda apibus Cerinthe, hic aurea floret  
 Primula, quæq; nives superant candore recentes  
 Lilia, cum violis & purpureo Narcisso.  
 Hos inter vario Pecudes certamine ludunt,  
 Innocuæ pascuntur oves; pulchræq; juvenæ

In fera sollicitant animosos Prælia Tauros.

Lambit cum glaucâ præcinctus arundine ripas

Ousa pater, pecori qui fundit pocula læto.

Deniq; rota nitet, Cælo gratissima, & omnes

Exuperat longè terras : jam frigida Tempe

Amplius haud jactent Authores Carmine, jamq;

Definat Elysios mirari Græcia campos.

Ast olim deserta situ, multoq; jacebat

Obruta squallore, & sylvestribus horrida dumis

Nec pecori Pastum, nec iter præbebat eunti.

Quique ferunt illic (si ritè audita recordor)

Immanem sibi speluncas posuisse Gigantem,

Exortum (ut memorant) sævorum sanguine Fratrum,

Qui conjurati Cælum rescindere, montes

Montibus augebant, donec dubitare Deum Rex

Inciperet (Pulsi nam conscius ille Parentis

Nè Cælum eriperent, male partaq; Regna timebat.)

Non glebam rastris domuit, nec pascere tauros,

Lanigerosve greges agitare, hirtasve capellas

Cura fuit : verum ex alieno vivere, fidens

Viribus ipse suis, operasq; solebat agrestum  
Diripere immittis, & opimas vertere prædas.

Ah! Quoties lætas segetes (sua vota) colonus  
Calcari vidit, vel in horrea abire Tyranni!

Ah! Quoties abigi taurorum corpora pastor  
Balantumq; greges, abjectâ, flevit, avenâ!

Diffugiunt populi confestim, & dulcia relinquunt.

Arva, nec assuetis sese committere ripis

Audent; sed longis repetunt ambagibus Urbes,

Qua via tuta patet. Tantus timor occupat omnes.

Non tulit hoc Monstrum, nec de regione viarum  
Deflecti notâ voluit Mavortius Heros,

Angligenûm Decus, ipsum Hicathrift cognomine  
dicunt.

Hic Patriæ damnis, Laudumq; cupidine tactus

Accipit ingentes animos, in utrumq; paratus,

Seu terris (modo Dii faveant) avertere pestem

Infandam, seu præsentî succumbere morti.

At non armatus clypeo, non ille bipennem

Cælatam tulit argento, galeamve nitentem

Aptavit capiti, neq; sic ad prælia venit.

Sed vultum Aurigæ induitur, vocemq; coloremq;  
Et crassum filo sagulum, manibusq; flagellum  
Increpitans, egit deserta per avia Plaustrum.  
Sic prodibat, equos sonituq; manuq; laceffens,  
Castigatq; moras, vocem cum protinus hausit  
Ætnæus Frater, lato qui forte sub antro  
Carpebat somnos, epulis expletus inemptis.  
Quin statim exiluit, telumq; immane coruscans,  
Ingens, arboreum (quod vix cervice subirent  
Sex Juvenes lecti) Puero obveniebat inermi,  
Quem prior aggreditur dictis, sicq; increpat ultró.

Quisquis es, audacem qui nostra ad mænia  
gressum

Dirigis, & placidam turbâsti voce quietem,  
Haud impunè feres : Hæc te mox virga docebit  
(Sed nimium serò) nostrum irritare furorem.  
Ah demens ! Quæ te ceperunt tædia vitæ?  
Huc ades, ut primo contusum verbere corpus  
Projiciam canibus, nigroq; fluentia tabo  
Membra feræ rapiant volucres, & viscera lambant.



Sic ait, insultans, dextrâq; hastilia quassât.

Horrifona ; ex oculis creber micat acribus ignis.

Ast Hicathrift vultum horrendum, vocesq; superbas

Miratus stupet, atq; oculos per singula volvit ;

Nunc caput aspiciens torvum, durosq; lacertos,

Nunc latos humeros, magna ossa, pedumq; columnas.

Tum sic intrepidus, Quis te miser impie vanas

Edocuit jactare minas, nondumq; peracto

Bello, immaturos temerè celebrare triumphos ?

Si genus Humanum temnas, at magna Potestas

Te Cœli moveat : Non huc sine numine Divûm

Advenio vindex, quos tu, scelerate, malignis

Exagitas odiis, Lentosq; impellis ad iras.

Quo moriture, ruis ? nec te tua Dextera, nec te

Eripiet, Spelunca alto submota recessu.

Dixit, & evertit plaustrum, lavâque revulsam

Corripuit (mora nulla) Rotam ; dextramq; replevit

Pro Gladio, non hos Axis fabricatus in usus.



Jamq; incunt Pugnas. Extemplo arrectus uterq;  
Constitit in digitos, & brachia tollit ad auras,  
Inq; vicem cædunt, miscentur & ictibus ictus.  
Mobilitate Puer superabat, viribus impar :  
Arte minor, sed mole Gigas membrisq; valebat.  
Heu! quantas dedit ille minas, & vulnere fren-  
dens

Irrita ! Quippe Rotæ clypeo promptissimus Heros  
Excipit objecto, numerataq; reddidit Axe.  
Attoniti longè tauri stant (furta Tyranni)  
Immemer herbarum stat Bucula, prælia longè  
Horrescens, retrò fugit ipse exterritus Amnis.

Anceps Pugna diu ; nec cui fortuna faveret  
Certum : sed nunc hic melior, nunc ille vicissim.  
At Puero tandem lætis victoria pennis  
Advolat, & curas solvit : vim suscitât ira,  
Atq; iram pudor, & tam segnis Palma pudorem  
Suffundit cupienti. Ergò amens vulnere denso  
Hostem conturbat, trepidumq; agit æquore toto.  
Nec mora, nec requies : Quàm multi littora fluctus

Infani feriunt, Hicathrift tot fortiter ictus  
Sparsit utraq; manu pugnans, fuditq; Gigantem.

Ac velut annosam fiquis de montibus ornum  
Eruat aut Quercum, nunc huc, nunc fluctuat illuc  
Et tandem crebris cadit icta securibus arbor;  
Dant gemitum Campi : vasto sic pondere Cyclops  
Concidit & rabido tellurem dente momordit.

Accurrit Juvenis lapso, & vi fervidus instat,  
Congeminatq; ictus ; fuso simul arva cerebro  
Inficit : Ast ille solvuntur frigore membra,  
Atq; anima horrificum pavitans descendit in ornum.

## J O S E P H.

G E N. 39.

I. ,

**N**OT the *Pelleian* Conquerour,  
To whose insatiate restless Mind  
The spacious Globe too narrow did appear ;  
It made him sweat to be so close confin'd ;

Nor

Nor mighty *Cesar* will I sing,  
 Who did so many warlike Nations bring  
 Under the *Roman* Eagle's tow'ring Wing.  
 Rough Wars, and bloody Battles seem  
 For gentle Verse no proper Theme:  
 The peaceful Muse, believe me, can't rejoyce  
 To hear the barb'rous Drum, or the shrill Trum-  
     pet's Voice.  
 Nor can the World Two Things so 'nlike afford  
 (With Contrarieties tho' richly stor'd)  
 As are the Poet's Pen, and Tyrant's Sword.

## II.

Since Kings and Emperours thou dost refuse,  
 I'll teach thee, my Pindarique Muse,  
 What fitter Subject thou shalt chuse:  
 Let virtuous *Joseph* move thy tuneful Strings;  
 A greater Man than Emperours and Kings;  
*Joseph*, who o'er himself a Conquest made,  
 And by his own Affections was obey'd.  
 Who subdu'd Vanity and Pride,  
 And the whold World of Passions else beside.

Who

Who made the Rebel Lust to Virtue yield,  
And chas'd the Tyrant Beauty from the Field,  
A bolder Labour than the fam'd *Alcides* ever try'd;  
Or all those royal Monsters, who amidst the state  
And glories of their prosp'rous Fate  
Were Slaves themselves, and very meanly Great:  
Who basely did to Woman-kind submit,  
And when with equal Guilt and Toil  
Of many Lands they'd reap'd the Spoil,  
They laid all down at an imperious Harlot's feet.  
This Bondage noble *Joseph* scorn'd,  
A Youth by God and Nature so adorn'd  
With rich variety of Grace,  
That born he seem'd of heav'nly Race,  
So pure his Mind, so lovely was his Face.

## III.

No sooner had his Mistress cast  
(A Lady beautiful and young)  
Her Eyes on him, but she began to long  
The fair and prom'ising Fruit, (like *Eve*) to tast.

Yet

Yet for a while she faintly strove  
To disengage her Captive Heart :

Some Strife there was on either part,  
But Passion did at length too hard for Virtue prove;  
Shall I (said he) forget my nuptial Vows ?  
Shall I defame my Husband's noble House,  
And lose the Honour of a chaste and loyal Spouse ?

Shall I debase my self, and leave  
A Peer of *Egypt*, for an *Hebrew* Slave ?

Yet why a Slave ? Not his, but Fortune's Sin,  
That partial Dame, by whom the best

And bravest Men are most depress'd,  
While the vile Sons of Earth are courted and ca-  
ress'd.

Can any Thing so Charming, so Divine  
Come from a low ignoble Origine ?

His God-like Beauty, and his Princely Meen

Bear witness for him, that he springs

From a long Race of ancient Kings :

I'm sure he well deserves th' Embraces of a Queen.



Mine is a just and noble Flame :

There's nothing to obstruct my Joys,  
 There's nothing to condemn my wel-made Choice.  
 But Priest-craft, out worn Laws, and Honours empty Name.

Well then, th' illustrious Passion I'll obey.  
 Let Preachers, Laws, and Honour all give way :  
 Love is a Lord more absolute than they.

#### IV.

Resolv'd to try, nor doubtful of Success  
 (Her Wit and Beauty made her confident)  
 She courts her Servant with a bold Address,  
 Tells him the Story of her Love,  
 And all her Charms she does display,  
 And all her Beauties open lay :  
 But vain are all her Arts his Inn'cence to betray,  
 And all her Witchcrafts prove too weak his well-  
 fix'd Mind to move.  
 More gen'rous Thoughts had prepossess'd  
 And strongly garison'd his Breast.

His



His Master's Kindness, and repos'd Trust  
Were firm Engagements to be just.  
All things were his, but only she  
That most desired his to be :  
But *Joseph* would not taste the One forbidden Tree:  
The Love of Virtue, and the Fear of God  
So fill'd his Soul with sacred Fire,  
They left no room for any lewd Desire.  
His purer Flame (as *Moses* wondrous Rod  
Th' enchanted Serpents did devour)  
Consum'd the other Passions : all their Pow'r  
His steady Resolutions mock.  
In vain her Courtship she repeats,  
In vain she threatens and intreats :  
He equally disdain's her Flatt'ries, and her Threats.  
Her Sighs and Tears are fruitless all ;  
Those idly blow, these idly fall :  
His solid Vir tue they no more can shock,  
Than Winds and Waves can rend the sure Founda-  
tions of a Rock.

Upon what desp'rate Service will not Lust,  
 When raging grown its blinded Bond-slaves thrust?  
 His stubborn Heart, so long besieg'd in vain,  
 That to no Composition would descend,

She now resolves by Force to bend,  
 And storm the fortress which no Treaty could  
 obtain.

Upon the comely Youth, her furious Hands she cast,  
 And impudently drew him to the Bed:

Long Time she strove to hold him, but at last,  
 He broke away, and from the lustful Syren fled.

Go, matchless Youth, glad and triumphant go,  
 And bind fresh Lawrels round thy Conq'ring Brow:

The Sons of War, who take Delight

To meet their Foes in open Fight,

Less Honour merit than is due to thee

For daring from thine Enemy to flee.

An everlasting Temple to thy Fame

(If such her Pow'r may be) my Muse has vow'd to  
 frame,

And

And in it thou shalt sit enthron'd on high,

Full of Grace and Majesty.

Beneath thy Foot-stool Pride and Lust shall lie,

And all the Passions else, a long Captivity,

Round thy Victorious Head

A Glory shall be spread,

And on a well-wrought Pillar by, (read.

In smooth and noble Verse thy Triumphs shall be

VI.

Enrag'd to find her Labour lost

(A Woman and a Lover to be crost!

She turns from Bad to Woise. Lust quits her Breast

By Anger and Revenge, new Lords, to be possess'd.

She threatens high, and tho' her Love did fail,

She swears her Malice shall prevail.

His Vest, which flying, he had left behind,

She keeps, until her Lord should come

From th' honorable Toil of publick Business, home.

This, this (says she) my Husband's Eyes shall blind,

And the proud Hebrew Slave shall quickly find,

That I can be severe as well as kind.

All drown'd in Tears the spleenful Hypocrite

Accuses *Joseph* of that Sin,

Of which herself had guilty been,

And (as his Brethren did before,

Their Treachery to cover o'er)

She shows her Garment to confirm her Spight.

The false Complaint her too fond Hurband hears,

Believes her Words, believes her artificial Tears,

Highly commends her feign'd Fidelity,

And in a jealous Rage

(Which nothing could assuage)

Condemns unheard the right'ous Youth

(Regardless of his former Truth)

In a dark Dung'on all his Days to lie.

But God that still protects and loves the Innocent,

To comfort him, from Heav'n an Angel sent.

Blest *Gabriel*, none more kind than he

To men renown'd for Chastity,

Assum'd a Shape (like *Joseph's*) pure and bright.

The dismal Room smil'd with new Beams of Light,  
And *Josepb* trembled at the Sight;  
Till his Approach the courteous Spirit made,  
And, bowing, thus his sacred Message said,

## VII.

Hail, peerless Youth, of God belov'd,  
Tho' Men and Dev'ls conspire to blast and ruin  
thee,  
Yet Heav'n thy well-try'd Virtue has approv'd,  
And thou shalt soon from hence deliver'd be.  
Thy Fame, now deeply rooted under ground,  
Up to the Skies  
Shall shortly rise,  
And spread it's flour'ishing Branches all around.  
Thy Suffrings and Disgrace shall end with speed,  
And Wealth and Glory in their Place succeed.  
With Joy unspeakable thou shalt behold  
Thy Chain of Iron, chang'd for one of Gold,  
And thou who now ly'st in the lowest Pit,  
Upon a lofty Throne shalt sit,



Advanc'd on high, next to great *Phar'oh's* side.

And beauteous *Asenath* shall be thy Bride.

A noble Race thou shalt beget,

And what thy eldest Brother Lost 1 Chr. 5. 1, 2.

By Sin, thy Virtue shall obtain :

The double Portion thou shalt gain,

And Two illustrious Tribes to come from thee shall

None but *Judah's* royal Line (boast.

T' which ancient Prophecies confine

The great *Messiah's* Birth, thy Off-spring shall out-

Thy Father's num'rous Family, (shine.

And all the sacred Seed shall be sustain'd by thee.

And when thy glorious Race is run,

Thou shalt to Heav'n translated be,

Where thy pure Eyes shall gladly see Matt. 5. 8.

The blessed Face of God, far brighter than the  
Sun.

All human Hopes thy Bliss shall there excel,

And with chaste Spirits, like thy self, for ever thou  
shalt dwell.



*Amico suo D. M. F. Theoriæ Burnetianæ Ar-  
gumentum.*

**T**empora prima Chaos, Mundi nascentis  
Origo *Chaos Gen, 1.2.*

Vendicat. Hinc pulchrum verbo Pater evocat  
Orbem,

Deliciis Orbem nullâ non parte bea- *Terra primigeni-  
tum, a, five Paradisus.  
Gen. 2. 8.*

Quem merito Moses Paradisum nomine dicit.

Hic Ver perpetuum, florentia Sydera, rerum

Copia, nec magnos metuere Armenta Leones,

Arcebat longè morbos, & mille per annos

Produxit validam Cœli indulgentia vitam.

Nulli tum Montes, immania Corpora, latis

**I**ncubuere arvis, nec sublatuere Cavernæ.

Nec vagus Oceanus tantum Telluris obibat,

Dulcia sæcundos saturabant Flumina Campos,

Et Rorem bibulis hausit radicibus Herba.

Non illis populos terrebant ulla Diebus

Fulmina nec magnis mugitibus horruit *Æther*.  
 Nulla satis nocuit *Rubigo*, aut messibus imbres.  
*Hybernis* placidi parcebant flatibus *Euri* :  
 Intrepidè *Cælo* caput extulit *Arbor*, & omnes  
 Explicuit frondes, & toto *Sole* potita est.  
 Nec *Bellum*, nec *Sudor* erat. *Deus* otia fecit :  
 Longæviq; *Patres* *Pacem Terramq;* colebant.

Degener at soboles, rebus sublata se-  
 cundis,

*Diluvium.*  
*Gen. 7. 11.*

Flagitiis armant in sese *Numinis* iram :  
 Nam *Pater* omnipotens, cùm multa diùq; tulisset  
 (Expectans populos frustra ad meliora vocatos)  
 In pænas tardè justas exarsit, & *Orbis*  
 Fornice disrupto, vastam patefecit *Abyssum*,  
 Illa locum subitò medium perrupit, & omnem  
 (Occurrens *Nimbus*, conjuncto fœdere, sævis)  
 Fluctibus obduxit *Terram*, merfitq; *Rebelles*,

Submotâ tandem, jussu *Omnipotentis*,  
 Aquæ vi,

*Terra bo-*  
*dierna.*

Tristis & informis rerum consurgit imago.  
 Apparent latè collapsi *Rudera Mundi*

Et

Et Chaos antiqui Natura exhorruit Umbram,  
 Tùm primùm Montes onerârunt pondere Terram  
 Insolito, horrendæ primum patuêre Lacunæ.  
 Acceptâq; semel Lucis regione propinquæ,  
 Abnegat Oceanus tenebrosâ revisere Regna :  
 Pars manet; in cæcum pars retrò est lapsa Bara-  
 thrum.

Et jam reliquias Ponti, fractiq; Ruinas  
 Incolimus Mundi, gens dura, & nata Labori.  
 Terra, ferax olim Mater, nunc deficit, & spem  
 Agricolæ fallit, Cælo imprægnata maligno.  
 Undiq; bella fremunt, Pestes, Incendia, Luctus,  
 Et male-suada Fames. Nec si percurrere vellem  
 Nomina pœnarum, quæ secula nostra laceſſunt,  
 Sufficeret longæ vel Lux æstiva Querelæ,

Impietate tamen supremi Funeris ignes *Conflagra-  
tio. 2 S. Pet.*  
 Urgemus miseri, & naturæ fata ruentis. *3. 10, &c.*

Quippe Mare & Terras, & tot Monumenta Viro-  
 rum,

Et quicquid vani mortales dulce putamus,  
 Hauriet una Dies, Flammiſq; addicet avaris.

At

At Phœnix primam, redivivus ab igne juventam

*Terra nova, sive  
Paradisus in-  
flauratus. ibid.  
v. 13.*

Induet, & vultu meliore superbiat Orbis.

Nulla mali suberunt prisca vestigia, Fructus

Sponte feret nova Terra suos, & solis amico

Florescens radio, veterem superabit Edenem.

Ingens effractis, sanctorum turba, sepulchris,

*R. Prima, quæ  
est Piorum. A-  
poc. 20. 5, 6.*

Continuo exurget, Rerum quibus Ordo novatus

Serviet. Hi facili ac præsentis numine pleni

Semper adorabunt Agnum, castiq; litabunt

Pectoribus: vacuiq; metu (Serpente ligato *ib. 2, 3.*

Nè veteri illudat Paradisi fraude colonis)

Huc illuc, superum turmis comitantibus, ibunt.

Nil habet hic juris Cerinthis ignava propago,

Quæ Veneri & Baccho male dedita, vivit ad  
instar

*Apoc. 21. 27.*

Porcorum: sed erit Mens pura in Corpore  
puro.

*Ephes.  
5. 5.*

Nec genus æternum Tædis reparabitur ullis; *Luk. 20.  
35.*

Absumptâ sed morte, tori quoq; desinet usus:

An-

Angelicam cælebs imitabitur Incola vitam.

Hic decies centum [totos Regnabitur *Millennium be-*  
 annos *atum. Apo. 20. 6.*

Auspiciis sub Christe, tuis. Quæis deniq; finem

Sortitis, tumulis Gens impia surget apertis,

Flebile iudicium, ac pænas subitura pe- *R. secundas si-*  
 rennes. *ve impiorum.*  
*ibid. v. 12.*

Illa quidem mallet dormire in Secula ; sed non

Vindictis ira Dei patitur, neq; Buccina clangens. !

Ah ! turba infelix, ad vitam reddita Letho

Pejorem, semper Moriens, at mortua nunquam !

Interea Sancti sedes, Te dante, ca- *Æternitas*  
 pestent *1 Cor. 15*  
*24, 28.*

Æthereas, vultuq; Dei propiore fruuntur.

At tu, nate Deo, rebus jam ritè peractis,

Subjicies tua Regna Patri, qui sumet Habenas,

Æternumque reget propriis Virtutibus Orbem.

Hos ego, Marce. tibi (non ficti pignus amoris)

Verficulos scripsi. Nec tu leve despice Munus.

Christus abest, passim dominantur Crimina, sacris

Nullus



Nullus honor Studiũs, nec habet pia Musa Patro-  
num.

Ast eadem vires, Christo veniente, resumet,

Cælicolũmq; sacros meditabitur æmula Cantũs.

*Amico suo dilectissimo D. F. I. de præcedentibus*

**P O E M A T I S.**

**S** Odalis O qui nullius indigus

( Ut numen ) uno te frueris, nimis,

Amice, credens te beatum,

Dum vacuã dominaris Aulã,

Qui Conjugalıs vincla Cubilis, &

Commista sævis Gaudia Jurgiis

Censes Capistrum non ferendum

Nec Laqueum magis extimescis.

( Hæc fronte lætã fulcipe Munera,

Quẽs te fidelis donat amicus :

Nec pauperem dives Poetam

Despice nec tenuem Camænam.

Dormire tecum, en! Juditha (Fæminas  
Odiffe quamvis diceris) advolat :

Quid abnegas ? ah! quid scelesti

Fata times Holophernis, insons ?

Non illa ( non si viderit Uvidum )

Nudabit ensem : Guadia tu feres,

Francisce, vanâ quæ Tyrannus

Assyrius sibi mente finxit.

Aut si virorum te capiant magis

Laudes, in Hostem cernis ut Hicathrist

Assurgat Heros, Patriæq;

Perniciem perimat Gigantem.

Æterna ( me ni Musa fefellerit )

Æterna vives secula, publicæ

Salutis Assertor : nepotum

Te series celebrabit omnis.

Non semper unâ volvitur Orbitâ :

Sed nunc amænis serpere vallibus,

Nunc arduâ delectat alâ

Præcipites superare Montes.

Nunc me revolvat mollis Amator, &  
Infana discat jura Cupidinis:

Nunc Arma, duros & Labores

Musa docet, dubiúmque Martem.

Mox Bella damnans, Pacis Originem

Nascente Christo dicere gestio,

Orâcla paudens, & Sibyllæ

Carminibus dare Lumen audax.

Quin & Calores spirat amabiles

Mors ipsa: vultum jam nova Purpura,

Me dante, tingit, nec timendum

Amplius est Libitina nomen.

O Musa dulcis! Quas ego gratias

Referre possim? Te Duce, pallidum

Vitabo lethum: tu Sepulchri

Sola potes superare Legem.

Quò Diva, tendis? Dêfine proprias

Sonare Laudes. Sufficiat tibi

Si fortè missam te libenter

Accipiat, foveatque Amicus.

F I N I S.

